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ROBERT WALKER, M.A., Secretary.

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REVIEWS.

THE TRAIL OF THE ADAPTER.

The Hope of the Family. By Alphonse Daudet. Adapted by Levin Carnac. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

WE have heard of people being butchered to make a Roman holiday; we have heard of children being stolen, and then grotesquely disfigured, to set the gabies staring at country fairs. And that, it seems to us, is very much the sort of thing which has happened in this English version to the child of M. Alphonse Daudet's imagination, *Soutien de Famille*. Under the hand of Mr. Levin Carnac, *Soutien de Famille* has been mutilated, mangled, garbled, abridged, almost beyond recognition; and the result, entitled *The Hope of the Family*, is a misrepresentation of the original as outrageous as it is deliberate. Alphonse Daudet was not a man who took his literary responsibilities lightly. He was, as he himself said, "tormented by the desire to achieve perfection"; he was an indefatigable seeker for the right word, the right phrase, the right cadence. When he produced a book, that book was the fruit of endless labour, of endless consideration. He had re-written it three times. He had put its every syllable upon trial for its life, and had only acquitted it when it had completely satisfied him that it was the best syllable in the fittest place. When finally the book went from him, it went as the most finished, faithful and delicate exposition of his "vision" that Alphonse Daudet was capable of accomplishing. So of *Soutien de Famille*. It is the work of Alphonse Daudet's dying years. As he wrote it, he was suffering under immense physical disabilities, he was suffering from constant weakness, constant pain. But he did not spare himself on that account; he remained the impassioned votary of literary perfection; he toiled, considered, reconsidered, demolished and rebuilt, as tirelessly, as vigilantly, as relentlessly as he had ever done. And when he had put his rubric upon the last page of *Soutien de Famille*, the book stood as the most finished exposition Alphonse Daudet had it in his power to give to a certain vision of things which Alphonse Daudet had received.

Very good. Now, we ask, if the word "sacred" has any meaning, is not the handiwork of an artist sacred? It is a piece of human life; it is a pound of the artist's flesh, cut nearest to his heart. It is, in very deed, a child, conceived and born of his imagination, nourished with his blood. We may admire it or dislike it, according to our humour or our taste; we may discuss it, praise it, deprecate it. But one thing we are bound, in all decency, not to do. We are bound not to meddle with it, not to deface or alter it. And if we obtain permission to copy or translate it, so that people living in other lands or speaking other tongues may get some notion of it, then, in all decency, we are bound to make our copy or translation as literal, as close, as "slavish" if you will, as our abilities will let us make it; and even then, we know too well, the fine flower of our original will inevitably be lost. But what shall one say of the man who deliberately miscopies, mistranslates, his original; who deliberately changes it, "cuts" it, vulgarises and falsifies it, perverting its significance, distorting its intention? That is precisely what has been done, in this English version, to *Soutien de Famille*. It has been deliberately mistranslated, falsified, vulgarised; its entire significance and intention have been perverted and distorted. And it is given to the world with Alphonse Daudet's name on the title-page. Who is the more to blame, the publisher or the adapter? Very likely the adapter was but a "hired butcher," and did his dark deed with no especial glee. All the same, the dark deed is done, and Mr. Levin Carnac, having taken the shekels, must now take the censure. He has betrayed a dead master, and he has mutilated and emasculated a living work of art. And he is himself, in his own humble place, a member of the confraternity of writers! "On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens."

The Hope of the Family is one continuous intentional mistranslation of *Soutien de Famille*; and then it is embroidered by the way with countless little unintentional mistranslations, due to ignorance, or to carelessness, or to bad taste. Is it not refreshing, for example, to find "adieu" rendered by "ta-ta"? Does "une dizaine d'années" mean "somewhere about twelve years"? And is the emotion of "embrasse-moi" adequately suggested by "that is well said"? A deputy who remarks, "Nous allons entrer en séance," is made to say, in English, "I shall have to go into the reception room." And "Mauglas reprit, moins doux et sur un ton d'humeur" becomes, at the touch of Mr. Levin Carnac, "Mauglas began again, with a little servility in his tone." And observe how deftly the elusive flavour of the original is missed in this:

"Sa clef, sa chambre! que cela lui sembla bon. À quelles sources profondes et secrètes de liberté, d'individualité humaine doivent tenir ces délicieux enfantillages?"

"His key, his rooms—how nice that sounded! How deepset after all are those sentiments of liberty, of individuality, to which that satisfaction of his was due!"

However, these are but peccadillos, that

pale their ineffectual fires before Mr. Levin Carnac's grosser sins. When we say that *Soutien de Famille* fills a volume of 445 pages, and that *The Hope of the Family* fills only 296, it will be apparent that Mr. Levin Carnac has "cut" with a lavish hand. He has "cut" everywhere, he has "cut" everything. Just so often as M. Daudet embellished his text with one of those half-playful, half-philosophical and altogether charming little interpolations, which form, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of M. Daudet's manner, just so often does Mr. Levin Carnac "cut" it. Here is an instance. M. Daudet is writing of the pretty little shop of Mme. Eudeline, and he exclaims:

"Que de fois je me suis arrêté sur le trottoir à contempler avec envie ce brillant et paisible intérieur, alors que je rêvais de m'installer marchand de bonheur en plein Paris. Vous lisez bien, marchand de bonheur. Ce fut un temps ma fantaisie d'adopter cette profession bizarre, de mettre mon expérience de la vie et de la souffrance au service d'une foule de malheureux qui ne savent pas discerner ce qu'il y a de bon, ce qu'on peut extraire encore d'agréable de l'existence la moins favorisée. Pour le débit de cette denrée précieuse et rare qu'on appelle le bonheur, le magasin de Mmes. Eudeline me semblait le cadre idéal, comme douceur, silence, netteté, sérénité."

Is it not a fancy peculiarly characteristic of Alphonse Daudet? And will it be believed that there is not one word of it in Mr. Levin Carnac's "adaptation"? But it is so with all such fancies, with all such passages. Every page, every paragraph, every sentence, is "cut," mangled, deformed, stripped of its flesh, and exhibited to the British Public, a few fragments of dry bone. And one whole chapter, a very interesting chapter, a chapter absolutely essential to the development of the character of Raymond Eudeline, the chief personage of the book, the "soutien de famille," is calmly omitted. One vital link in the chain of M. Daudet's story is simply dropped out. How would Alphonse Daudet like that if he were alive to know it? He, a master, with prayer and fasting, with infinite patience, with infinite pains, produces twenty pages of literature; and Mr. Levin Carnac, in his "adaptation," calmly drops them out!

All this is bad enough, but it is not the worst. It is bad enough, it is inexcusable, to trifle with the form of an artist's handiwork; it is (if worse be possible) worse still to tamper with the substance. As its subtitle informs us, *Soutien de Famille* is put forth as a picture of "mœurs contemporaines." And M. Daudet presents to us, as a painful instance of contemporary morals, the Valfon family, consisting of Valfon himself—a time-serving politician, for the moment Minister of Foreign Affairs—Mme. Valfon, and the son and daughter of Mme. Valfon by a former marriage, Wilkie and Florence Marqués. And Valfon, a disgusting sensualist, has set his heart upon his step-daughter Florence, and pursues her with his odious addresses. This situation struck Mr. Levin Carnac as somewhat too "strong" for the British Public. His obvious course, in the circumstances, was to let *Soutien de Famille* alone. If it was too "strong" for the British Public, he

should have left it to the French Public. The British Public could have done very well without it. But no: Mr. Levin Carnac said to himself, "We will just modify the tale a bit. We will just bowdlerise and improve it a little." So, if you please, he turns Florence Marquès into the sister-in-law, instead of the step-daughter, of Valfon; and the trick is done. And "ma fille" becomes "my sister"; "ma mère" becomes "my sister"; "ma sœur" becomes "my aunt"; "mon frère" becomes "my nephew." Isn't it monstrous? And isn't it silly? And how would Alphonse Daudet have liked it, if he had lived to know?

It seems to us that the copyright law might profitably be enlarged, to contain a clause making this sort of literary outrage felonious.

THE ABERRATIONS OF DEMOCRACY.

Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy. By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. (Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.)

MODERN democracy has a curious aptitude for falsifying the predictions of its earlier patrons and critics. To read the confident opinions of the writers in the *Federalist* or even of Tocqueville, as to what was going to happen in the United States, and then to consider what has actually happened, is a chastening corrective to undue intellectual pride. Mr. Godkin, who is one of the ablest and most acute of living American publicists, is doing for the political system of the United States what Walter Bagehot did for that of England. He penetrates below the surface and shows how vast is the distance which separates the theory from the practice of government. Customs and institutions which have never been formally recognised by the Constitution are, in fact, of more vital importance than others which occupy the largest space in the statute books and the text books. In England, for instance, the Cabinet is a body still quite unknown to the law, and till recently almost ignored by constitutional writers. Yet it is not too much to say that, in the actual working of our system of legislation and administration, the Cabinet counts for more than Parliament, and more than the Crown; it is, in reality, the mainspring of our whole apparatus of law-making and governing. Similarly, in the United States, the Constitution has nothing to do with the "primary" or local meeting of electors who select candidates for public office. Yet, as Mr. Godkin demonstrates, it is on the primary that everything else depends; and it is this voluntary meeting of private citizens which controls the destiny of the country and the choice of its rulers, far more than those electoral colleges, on which the framers of the American Constitution expended so much thought and laborious ingenuity. But the primaries themselves are only intended to lead up to the "nominating convention," or meeting of party delegates, which is supposed to select the candidate for the

presidency. The establishment and growth of the convention, says Mr. Godkin, constitute the capital fact of modern democracy in America; but he points out that "there is no mention or allusion, either in Tocqueville or in any of our early writers, to its probable or possible effect. One finds no allusion to it in any of the commentators on the Constitution, early or late." It is, indeed, only in comparatively recent years that the overwhelming importance of the "machine" in American politics has become apparent, not merely to foreigners, but to the citizens of the United States themselves.

Like most Americans of culture and educated intelligence, Mr. Godkin is against the "machine." But, unlike many of his countrymen, he is not disposed to regard its existence as the result either of the incurable vices of democracy or of the natural imperfections of the Constitution. Some changes in the law may be required to abolish the "boss"; but, after all, what gives the boss his power? Mainly the indisposition of the better sort of electors to mingle in the rough work of politics and take part in the primary meetings in their respective localities; and the reason for this is—so Mr. Godkin thinks, and we thoroughly agree with him—not that the respectable American politician is too good for politics, but that he is too busy. As he puts it:

"Private affairs have assumed in these latter days an importance, as compared with public affairs, which our forefathers never could have anticipated. This state of things is causing everywhere a demand for government without trouble, or with very little trouble. The demand for good and enlightened government is as great as ever; but the desire for simple government, which can be carried on without drawing largely on the time and attention of the private citizen is greater than ever. Government was never so much considered as a means to an end, and not as an end in itself, as it is to-day—a mode of looking at it which goes far to explain the success of 'the man on horseback,' or dictator in troubled communities."

No one who is at all acquainted with the United States will think that Mr. Godkin has underestimated the importance of this consideration. The average respectable American of the middle-class is an exceedingly active man of business, plunged up to the eyes in the details of his own commercial or industrial occupations, which provide for him, as a rule, a far more absorbing and all-pervading interest than is the case with persons of corresponding status in this country. Americans are constantly surprised at the amount of time which Englishmen, engaged in commerce and industry, seem able to devote to public and municipal affairs, or to sport, amusement, society, to such hobbies as gardening, and to various other pursuits in no way connected with their professional avocations. In America, outside New York and Philadelphia and one or two other large cities, where there is a comparatively leisured class of wealthy business men, there is much less of this diversity of interests. The American elector, who goes to his office early and comes away late, and works while there with an almost savage energy, can

just spare the time to read and talk about politics, but not to take an active part in them. The present writer was once informed by the manager of a great commercial concern in New York that he had not recorded his vote in any election for more than a quarter of a century; the reason given being that he was too busy to attend to such matters. As a subsidiary excuse for his want of civism he explained that he objected to go to meetings or even to the ballots, because he might there come in contact with persons with whom he would not care to associate. This latter highly democratic sentiment is pretty widely diffused in the United States, and it is at once the cause and effect of the power of the boss and the caucus, and the reluctance of men of good social position to come forward as candidates for the Legislature; "for it is true," as Mr. Godkin remarks, "of every sort of public service, from the army up to the Cabinet, that men are influenced as to entering it by the kind of company they will have to keep."

Mr. Godkin belongs to the class of hostile, but hopeful, critics of American democracy. His hostility towards some of the recent developments in the State and Municipal government is uncompromising. Of the New York Legislature at Albany he says that it is not too strong to call it "a school of vice and a fountain of political debauchery," and that few of the younger men come back from it without having learned to mock at political purity and public spirit. But he does not despair of the Republic in spite of the corrupt local *coteries* and the dominance of the machine-men. He looks for amendment, partly to certain constitutional changes, but mainly to the enlarged political activity of the respectable electors, and to a better tone of public opinion. The misfortune is that opinion is chiefly educated by political meetings and the press; and while political meetings are now scarcely held except during a Presidential campaign, the newspapers, notwithstanding their unbounded energy and their success as commercial enterprises, have lost the greater part of their political influence. On this last point Mr. Godkin is particularly well worth reading. We cannot recall another recent writer who has explained the present position and tendencies of the modern daily press, in its relations to politics and public opinion, with so much competence and judgment.

A CRITIC ON CRITICISM.

Literary Statesmen, and Others. By Norman Hapgood. (Duckworth & Co.)

THIS is a little book of genuine criticism. Mr. Hapgood has scholarship, acumen, a nice sense of style and great sanity; and more, his work has the unity arising from a single point of view consistently maintained. He is a critic of critics. The men who interest him are the exponents of the nice, the subtle, and the deft in literature, the people who have been self-conscious and

wide-eyed, and not the impulsive, irrational genius.

The essay on "Lord Rosebery" does full justice to the charm of his style, but finds it without the high gravity and moral earnestness which is the test of the greatest literature. "It is never caustic, but friendly and pervasive, often even merry, altogether inspired by temperament." But with Mr. Hapgood the style is the man in a peculiarly literal sense, and from a survey of Lord Rosebery's style, he proceeds to build up Lord Rosebery's character: "There is honesty, frankness, generosity; there are convictions; but there is no single unifying conviction or conception, no faith, or passion, or need of accomplishment." We do not wish to quarrel with the verdict, but we certainly quarrel with the method. Such an abrupt step from literature to life, from style to character, is scarcely justifiable. Further, the judgment passed shows a fault to which Mr. Hapgood is peculiarly liable, and which appears more distinctly in his appreciation of Mr. Balfour. He himself has a critic's insight, subtlety and lucidness, and a clever man's bogey in criticism is often his own cleverness. He is always hampered with a nervous desire to show his fairness by discounting whatever seems akin to his own special talent. So we find him erecting a fetish of moral earnestness and irrational faith—excellent things in their way, but here worshipped blindly and out of due bounds.

Mr. John Morley, according to Mr. Hapgood, is less an individual than a type, a familiar type, and may be criticised as such. He has "an ethical seriousness as extreme as his artistic failure, and he is consistently loyal to certain large facts and principles":

"His misfortune is that these principles are not timely, that they do not form a message needed and welcomed by the time, like that of Matthew Arnold, for instance, or that of Ruskin, and, of course, also because they are not set in a style of distinction, but rather in one soured by moralism and desiccated by science."

Many of the comments are shrewd and neatly phrased. Mr. Hapgood notes that Mr. Morley's limitation as a historian is that history presents itself to him as in no degree a picture but merely a problem. The criticism of the eighteenth century of France, that "no period has had more greatness with less individuality" has truth, and the supreme faults of his author's style, its lack of discrimination, its use of a weak scientific terminology, and the consequent absence of all emotional effect, are accurately set down. Almost the last sentence in the essay—

"Although lack of art or genius has followed Mr. Morley from letters into politics, although his love of absolute principle is in opposition to the spirit of a time that has no creed, the persistence which has helped him to escape failure and the straightness of his course make a picture that has some of the stimulus of the heroic"—

has that touch of sympathy which is indispensable in genuine criticism.

But with the clever study, "Mr. Balfour Seen from a Distance," Mr. Hapgood again approaches the fantastic. He sees that his

subject has a certain element of the subtle and the recondite, and he resolves that the critic shall not be wanting in the same qualities. We are quite with him when he calls Mr. Balfour's faith a "strong sceptical sincerity," when he describes his personality as "lacking in brilliant colours," and sums up his intellectual qualities as "a mind without exuberant powers, though with rare keenness, interested always, never excited, a mind of logic primarily, with little passion or sense of form." But such a criticism as this carries less conviction:

"Mr. Balfour has seen the difficulties of facts, and he has read a good deal, but of the kind of emotion that makes strong literature he has known nothing. Like Berkeley's early work, his books are original, lucid, subtle, and rather thin."

It is well expressed, but is it perfectly fair? Mr. Balfour's work is avowedly a popular critical exposition of certain systems of philosophy, the statement not of a creed but of a point of view. The "emotion that makes strong literature" would be quite out of place, and it is just the thin lucidity which forms his chief merit. Had the author written an ambitious epic in the same manner, Mr. Hapgood's verdict might be justified. The critic has argued that his author's personality is genuine, attractive, but slight, because these are the qualities of books where other qualities would have been out of place. Again, we do not quarrel with Mr. Hapgood's verdict, but with his method of proof.

The three studies on purely literary subjects—"Stendhal," "Mérimée as Critic," and "Henry James"—have the same merits as the first three, but the defects are fewer. The critic is more at home with his subjects, and in a better position to judge them. It is a far cry from the austerity of English statesmen to the utter unmorality and gay scepticism of Stendhal's work. He was a many-sided gentleman, with a great talent for enjoying life. In one aspect he is the modern Heraclitus, the philosopher of opportunism, who "sees in relativity, arbitrariness, caprice, the final law of nature; and, feeling a sympathy with this law, not unnaturally finds in the absolute, personal, perverse nature of women his most congenial companionship." Again, he is the "typical suggestive critic—formless, uncreative, general and specific, precise and abstract; chaotic to the artist, satisfactory to the psychologist." And on these two sides of the speculative and the personal Mr. Hapgood builds up a speaking portrait of the man. It is all very careful, choice, and subtle work—a mosaic of vivid phrases and apt instances. Indeed, the style throughout this little book is kept consistently at a high level of art, and hence we are all the more surprised to find so precise a writer admitting on p. 69 so inept a construction as this:

"His cool prophecy that a few leading spirits would read him by 1880 was justified, and the solution of his doubt whether he would not by 1930 have sunk again into oblivion seems now, at least, as likely as it was then to be an affirmative."

The study of Mérimée's criticism shows us a Mérimée that those who do not know

his essays have not suspected. "Indeed," says Mr. Hapgood, "the powers which charm the lover of deftness in literature sometimes appear even more distinctly when he is speaking his critical opinion than they do when he is telling a story." And more, the Mérimée of the letters and stories is a man "always on the defensive"; but the writer of the essays has a broader comprehension and sympathy. The criticism is eminently just, and Mr. Hapgood's remark on the technique of the essays is suggestive: "It is almost impossible to see the logic of the arrangement, and quite impossible not to feel that there is logic. His bold unity is beyond analysis."

The essay on "American Cosmopolitanism" is a protest against a certain tendency to decivilisation which the author thinks he observes in American life. The young gentlemen who "say of England that she has no art, of Germany that she has only dull learning, of America that she is Philistine"; who hanker eternally for Italy or Paris; who are denationalised and without the instincts and prejudices of race, are acutely analysed and exposed. It is a timely plea on behalf of a wholesome national culture against a cheap cosmopolitanism.

"To be a great artist," says Mr. Hapgood, "a man must know his world so intimately that he does not express it on purpose. He talks about the simple, universal subjects, and his environment is given inevitably, without conscious effort, in every line he writes. The style is not the man only; it is the country, the race. To this height, to the largest poetry, cosmopolitanism has never reached."

Of the study of Mr. Henry James it is difficult to say anything, except that it is subtle without being fantastic. His two chief merits he finds to be that he represents the artistic as opposed to every other attitude, and that with a unique opportunity and singular power he has painted the contrast between culture and primitiveness. It is a striking piece of work, and brings fittingly to a close a little book of genuine power. Mr. Hapgood has his faults like other people. He hates art jargon, but every now and then he verges perilously near a jargon, part artistic and part psychological. At one time he distrusts his own cleverness too much, at another time he presses it too far. But the fact remains that this little collection is that rarity in modern letters—criticism done with dignity and competence, and expressed in pure and graceful prose.

AN EDUCATIONAL THEORIST.

Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. (Isbister.)

To touch on a quarter of the debatable subjects so light-heartedly treated by Mr. Thompson in his *Day-Dreams* would require very much more space than we could spare for the purpose. Nor, indeed, does his book require such detailed consideration. Written and first published, as we learn from the Preface, some thirty or forty years

ago, it bears all the marks of heedless youth written large upon its pages; and it would be absurd to devote valuable space to refuting views most of which, we may charitably suppose, their author has long ceased to hold. His Preface is commendably apologetic and deprecatory—in strong contrast to the youthful self-confidence of the text—and thus the vehemence of criticism is disarmed. These *Day-Dreams* deal with a multitude of educational themes: the teaching of boys, the teaching of girls, the teaching of Latin, the pronunciation of the same, the pronunciation of Greek with some observations on Homer, &c., &c. In addition to these serious subjects, the book deals with several of a less strictly academic—perhaps Mr. Thompson would call it “practical”—kind, and the later essays are, in some ways, the best in the book. The last of all—*Schola in nubibus*—is a particularly pleasant piece of writing.

Mr. Thompson's essays, probably by reason of their brevity, seldom do more than skim the surface of their subject; and he has a young man's fondness for ironical persiflage where a rigid logical analysis would be more to the purpose. For example, he is full of flouts and jeers at our English method of teaching the “dead” languages. He would have them taught as if they were not “dead” at all, but very much alive—conversationally, in fact. And he urges the old view that in this way they would be learnt at once more rapidly and more easily. But from the other side it may be pointed out that our public schools do not aim primarily at teaching their boys to converse in Latin, but at putting them through a valuable intellectual discipline. The public school method of teaching the classical languages is believed to provide this discipline, and, so long as it does so, it does not matter two straws whether its pupils can talk Latin in after life or not. Mr. Thompson is particularly sarcastic on that vexed question, the indiscriminate teaching of Latin verse. He takes the familiar view that only those boys who have a taste for verse-writing and will one day excel in it should be asked to apply themselves to it. But it is probably superfluous to urge that boys are not taught Latin verse as an end in itself, but as a valuable mental exercise. Whether they will ever want to write or care to read Ovidian Elegiacs in after life is of no importance. Mr. Thompson, when this book was written, does not appear to have seriously considered this point of view. Doubtless he has done so since.

The conversational method of teaching the classical languages, of course, lands our author in the vexed question of “correct” pronunciation. We say “vexed” question, though it seems to have presented no difficulty whatever to Mr. Thompson. He tells how a veteran scholar read an ode of Horace “after the pronunciation he had recently heard in Tuscany,” and he assures us that never till then had he realised that “the Roman lyre could be struck to such reverberant sound.” Mr. Thompson does not trouble to give us his scholar's reasons for preferring the pronunciation of Tuscany over that of all the cities of Italy, and, indeed, we imagine that he would have his work

cut out to prove that a modern Tuscan pronunciation was any more Ciceronian than a French or a Spanish. The fact is the difficulty of arriving at any certain conclusion as to the true pronunciation of a “dead” language—it really is “dead,” in spite of Mr. Thompson's conversational methods—is so great that we in England, very wisely, decide not to bother our heads and those of our pupils with what is, after all, a comparatively minor matter beside “the conveying of strict ideas of grammar and philology” (p. 101). And if Mr. Thompson still believes that no beauty can possibly be found in an ode of Horace or a passage of Virgil read by a competent person in English fashion, which seems to have been his view forty years ago, we can only note the fact with regret.

Mr. Thompson attacks our English pronunciation of Greek with an even greater disregard for the difficulties involved in any change. We do not gather precisely what he desires to put in its place, but apparently the pronunciation of Tuscany would be again requisitioned. For, speaking of Homer, he says (p. 125): “I need hardly say that I did not read these poems according to the ordinary principles of scansion.” It is a pity that he does not specify what extra-ordinary principles of scansion he found it advisable to put in their place. However, he continues:

“I contrived, to my own satisfaction, to combine the rules of metre with those of accent; and in my pronunciation of the words where the vowel-sounds of modern Greek seemed thin, I adopted without hesitation the richer vowel-music of Italy.”

Tuscany, again, no doubt. Now, for the sake of argument, we may credit Mr. Thompson in his youthful days with a fastidious taste in pronunciation, but in the conversational teaching of Greek we foresee a difficulty in carrying out his methods. For it is at least conceivable that half-a-dozen other ardent young men who were entrusted with the teaching of Homer to our sons might have different views as to the most desirable variations on the “thin vowel-sounds” of modern Greek, and instead of unanimously borrowing the “richer vowel-music” of Tuscany, one of them might glean fresh harmonies from Slavonic or Lithuanian, while another might borrow from Constantinople, or Mesopotamia. The shores of the Black Sea again, once sown with Greek colonies, would seem an obvious place from which to borrow vowel-sounds to improve upon the strong-winged music of Homer. Nor do our difficulties stop with pronunciation in the case of ancient Greek. For there arises the still greater problem of accent raised by the mistaken labours of a late Byzantine grammarian. Mr. Thompson boldly urges that we should pronounce according to the written accent, though he does not explain *how* this is to be done. Nor does he give his readers even a hint of the fact that there is considerable doubt in the learned world as to *what* Aristophanes of Byzantium meant by his accents, and how they are to be interpreted in spoken speech. Indeed, his position with regard to Greek accents is curiously frank

in its caprice. “I did not hold myself bound to any code of laws, metrical or accentual,” he says of his reading in Homer. In other words, when the traditional accent of a Greek word struck him as inconvenient, he altered it! It seems hardly worth while to change our present method of Greek pronunciation in order to leave the language at the mercy of any adventurous youth who cares to invent a system of accentuation of his own and teach our sons to decline *ἀνθρώπος* in accordance with it. Our present method of ignoring accents altogether in pronunciation is at least more defensible than this.

But with all his heresies there is a buoyant self-confidence about this Mr. Thompson of forty years ago which is not unattractive, and even the fiercest of his sarcasms cannot conceal the amiability of his disposition.

THE “GREAT GRENADIERS.”

The Romance of a Regiment. By J. R. Hutchinson. (Sampson Low.)

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Russia was groaning under the tyrannous excesses of her crazy Tsar Peter, Prussia was enduring the folly and brutality of another madman, King Frederick William the First. The Russian Peter's mania took the form of cutting off his subjects' beards and beating their persons; the Prussian King's was more extravagant and more hopelessly foolish. His passion was to be surrounded by tall soldiers, and it grew upon him so much during the twenty-seven years of his reign that it became the scourge of his own kingdom and the scandal of Europe. The offspring of this madness of his was the giant regiment of “Great Grenadiers,” to the recruiting of which all the King's energies and a vast deal of treasure were devoted, and it is of this regiment that Mr. Hutchinson tells the history. Let us own at once that he does it, on the whole, exceedingly well. There is a vivacity about his narrative that at once removes it from all possibility of dullness; and he has collected a wealth of interesting material to illustrate his somewhat repulsive theme. The book would have benefited by a more chastened style, but that no doubt is a matter of taste.

The stories of the eccentric manner in which Frederick William recruited his big soldiers do not raise our opinion either of the Prussia or the Europe of his day. “Better be a eunuch in a Turkish harem than a Prussian subject,” said his own people; but they took no effective steps to rid themselves of the monster who wearied them, while the Europe of that day was either too timid or too much occupied in other directions to put a stop to the Prussian King's outrages. England herself pocketed more than one insult at his hands, no doubt because that process cost less than avenging it, and meanwhile Frederick William's recruiting agents swarmed over Europe, enticing or carrying off every man of six

feet and over, whom force or cajolery could enlist in the service of the "Crowned Ogre." The King not merely claimed the right to impress any Prussian of the requisite inches, but, regardless of the comity of nations and all other specious phrases of that kind, forcibly enlisted such of his neighbours' subjects as happened to cross his borders, if they were tall enough. "If they don't want to be exposed to accidents, let them keep out of my country," he observed to Seckendorf on one occasion. Nor did he hesitate to kidnap foreign subjects in their own country, and to pay his agents handsomely for doing so. He spent in "foreign recruiting" between 1713 and 1735 some twelve million dollars, or £1,750,000. The taller the recruit the more the Prussian King was ready to pay for him, especially if he chanced to be handsome as well. James Kirkland, an Irishman of vast dimensions, whom the notorious Prussian Envoy Boreke secured for him, cost £1,260. Seckendorf gave more than £1,100 for a tall Austrian. A recruit, appropriately named Grosse, cost £719. In fact, Frederick William, though a niggard in all other respects, would pay almost any sum for his "children in blue." No man in the regiment measured less than six feet without his boots, while some of them were said to have measured eight! There are endless stories of the King's unscrupulous recruiting methods, some of which may be quoted here, though the amusement they might cause is apt to be strongly tinged with disgust at the crazy tyrant who sacrificed the happiness of his subjects and his own dignity to this idiotic whim. On one occasion some of his officers, in ignorance of his identity, tried to make a great Grenadier of the Emperor's ambassador, Baron von Benteinrieder, who chanced, like Rosalind, to be more than common tall. His coach had broken down near Halberstadt, and his Excellency, wishing to stretch his long legs, left the carriage to be brought on by his servants, and proceeded on foot. We will give the story in Mr. Hutchinson's own words:

"At the town gate he was challenged by a sentry.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"The Emperor's Botschafter," replied the tall stranger.

The officer of the Guard happened to be a Pomeranian, and in his mother tongue the big word meant merely a courier, not an ambassador. "Courier, eh?" thought he. "Not too great a dandy to make a Prussian soldier, anyhow." So he turned out the guard and arrested him.

Entering into the humour of the thing, the Baron allowed himself to be led away to the house of the commandant, who, at sight of so promising a recruit, went into ecstasies.

"A perfect Godsend! How high does he stand? Ha! so much? Not higher, though, than I shall stand with the King!"

In the midst of these self-gratulations, up came one of Benteinrieder's servants.

"Your Excellency," he began—"!"

Whereupon, of course, the commandant collapsed into apologies. The famous story of the gigantic Julich carpenter had a more tragic ending. The carpenter was observed by a certain recruiter, Hompesch by name, who at once made up his mind to kidnap

him. He therefore ordered the man to make him a chest of the same length as the builder, say eight feet. When it was finished Hompesch began to quibble about its length, and the carpenter, poor fellow, to set all doubts at rest, unsuspectingly stepped into the box and stretched himself out on the bottom. Whereupon Hompesch shut down the lid, fastened it, and had the chest removed by his myrmidons. Unhappily, by the time the party had reached a place where it could safely be opened the carpenter was dead!

The service of soldiers thus brutally recruited could, of course, be retained only by methods equally brutal. There were frequent mutinies on a small scale. Constant efforts were made by the representatives of the various countries from which men had been entrapped to secure their freedom, but Frederick William would never consent to disgorge them. "Once a Grenadier always a Grenadier," was his reply. Constant efforts, too, were made by the unfortunate men themselves to escape, but very rarely with success. Their conspicuous height made them easy to recapture, and when brought back they were punished with merciless brutality. The bastinado or running the gauntlet were the usual penalties, or they might be broken on the wheel or languish in prison, deprived of ears and nose, at Spandau. Occasionally they were tortured with red-hot pincers by way of variety. On the other hand, as far as pay and rations went, they were handsomely treated, for in his mad fashion the King was genuinely fond of his Great Grenadiers. Witness the following story:

"One day, when Glasenapp, one of the tallest of the tall men lay ill, the King's lackeys rushed into his presence and announced the occurrence of some grave calamity. The King sank into a chair, pale and trembling.

"What is it?" he gasped.

"The tower of St. Peter's has fallen, your majesty."

"Oh! is that all?" said he, vastly relieved; "I was afraid my grenadier might be dead!"

It is astounding to reflect that this insane barbarian should have retained the throne of Prussia for seven and twenty years. At last retribution for his excesses fell upon him, and he died painfully of dropsy, amid the scarcely concealed rejoicings of his soldiers, his subjects, and his relatives. Within a month of his death, Frederick the Great disbanded the Great Grenadiers.

UNKNOWN TIBET.

Through Unknown Tibet. By M. S. Wellby, Captain 18th Hussars. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.)

SINCE the Abbé Huc, fifty years ago, accomplished his famous pilgrimage through China and Tibet, we doubt whether anything has been done comparable to this immense journey through unknown Tibet which Captain Wellby made in company with Lieutenant Malcolm, of the 93rd, the Argyll and Sutherland, Highlanders. And in these

latter days it is in some regards comparable only to the achievement of Nansen in the Northern Seas. At the same time it is distinguished among great and perilous journeys in that these two young soldiers absolutely accomplished all the task they set out to perform. Their resolve was to traverse, from west to east, the northern stretch of the vast plateau of Central Asia, to discover the mysteries which lay beneath the word UNEXPLORED with which that region is dismissed even in our latest maps, to strike the source of the Che Ma river, which is reported to be the remotest beginning of the great Yangtse Kiang, to cross the Tsaidam, and to descend by the Hoang Ho and across the Great Wall upon the capital of the Celestial Empire. All these things they did with success, in spite of great extremes of cold and heat, of privation and peril, and with a gaiety and an *élan* which distinguish the British soldier among travellers. Passing through Kashmir, they started off on their hazardous journey from Leh in Ladakh on May 4, 1896, and ended it at Peking in the beginning of December, thus in seven months traversing and exploring over 5,000 miles of very difficult country. Although the first month or two nominally constituted summer the extremes of temperature were very trying. Twenty-four degrees of frost in the night, and then by eight or nine in the morning a sun strong enough to grill flesh—that was a frequent experience, while snow and ice abounded on all sides. Here is a typical experience in the early part of the journey:

"The way was steep and rocky, and the sun so powerful that we slung our coats across our arms and loitered on the top for the breeze and the caravan. Snow lay in heaps—a welcome quencher to our thirst. This was a stiff climb for our caravan, the height of the pass being nearly 17,000 feet. Having waited till they were nearly at the top, we began to descend the other side. Quite suddenly we seemed to be transplanted into a new zone, for a cutting snowstorm blew straight in our faces. We were almost frozen, and any portion of the head we exposed suffered severely. We looked for some overhanging rock that would serve for a shelter, but there the cold became so intense that we preferred to fight the elements and keep in motion. . . . Having found a fairly suitable spot, and waited for a considerable length of time, we were perplexed to hear no sign of our caravan. Darkness and cold came upon us, and we kept up an intermittent fusillade till 8 o'clock, when a distant shout revealed to us that they were at length coming. But alas! Although some of the mules walked in fit and strong, others came in wretchedly weak; and, worst of all, six animals and three complete loads had been abandoned altogether."

In an Appendix Captain Wellby gives "some condensed meteorological observations" in that remarkable region, which is in the latitude of the Mediterranean. In June there were twenty-six fine days; snow fell on four days of the first week; the coldest night had 25° of frost, and the warmest had a temperature of 33° F.; and on the 21st the thermometer marked 110° in the sun. In August there were eleven fine days and eighteen with rain or snow; the coldest night had 14° of frost, and the warmest registered 40° F. There is surely no wonder that with such a climate the

land is barren and bare of people. Indeed, the only folk the travellers met until they were past the Koko Nor and on the confines of China were a great caravan of Tibetans and scattered detachments of a tribe of Mongolian nomads.

"The head of the caravan was a very fine-looking Tibetan from Lhasa. He must have stood well over six feet, and was exceedingly well-built—decidedly the biggest Tibetan I have ever seen. In the camp he was always known as the 'Kushok,' and all attempts to find out his real name resulted in failure. . . . The title 'Kushok' was originally applied only to living Buddhas, but latterly it has become merely a term of respect or affection, and no longer has any religious significance."

With the "Kushok" and his imposing caravan of 1,500 yak laden with merchandise the travellers journeyed for a good many days. It is significant that on first hearing of their presence the "Kushok" declared they must either be English or Russian, "for, he said, men of no other nations could accomplish such a journey." The introduction to the tent of the "Kushok" is worth recording:

"They signed for us to be seated, and then handed us a basin each, which the servant filled with hot tea. Into this he dropped a large lump of butter, and then held before us a large red leather bag, filled with tsampa or finely ground barley meal. From this we took several large spoonfuls and mixed with the tea, adding whatever salt we fancied. The merchant's servant then handed us some chopsticks, and we were soon at work shovelling the hot mixture into our mouths rather greedily; and if I were to relate the number of basins we emptied that night it would never be credited."

But all their relations with the "Kushok" were not quite so pleasant as that; and they had to assume a very threatening aspect before he would allow them to go their own way in peace. It was soon after parting from the "Kushok" that they encountered the Mongolian nomads, who are very attractively presented. After a period of bitter privation,

"we could hardly credit the picture we caught a glimpse of through the thick bush. There was a fine flock of fat sheep being driven homewards (for it was now evening) by some young boys and girls riding bare-backed their well-fed ponies. They were singing all the while from mere lightness of heart, ignorant of all trouble and of the outside world. . . . I watched in secret this scene of perfect worldly peace and happiness before disturbing the partakers of it by a loud incongruous exclamation, 'Hallo!' They turned round at once to meet this unheard-of sound, and, though they received us with fear, their astonishment might well be pardoned."

These Mongols were found to be simple, honest, handsome, and hospitable, and—spite of the voracious appetites their guests displayed—smiling and polite.

"I was terribly hungry, and could scarcely keep my eyes from the cooking-pots, which just fitted the holes made in the ground. . . . I was made to sit down by the fire against the sacks, when my host, who had guided me here, and appeared to be chief of the party, opened one of the pots, and forthwith pulled out a well-boiled shoulder of mutton, which I took from his hands, and was soon gnawing at; on its completion, my host presented me with a leg,

and afterwards with a neck. Then I began to reflect within myself what a reputation for an Englishman's greed I was bringing among these people, and I stoutly refused his pressing invitations to accept more."

With these estimable folk the travellers bargained to be conducted to the borders of China; and so they passed the Koko Nor—"a salt lake about 230 miles round"—and came to Tankar, the remarkable little Chinese border-town first described by Mr. Rockhill. Space fails us to tell of the Dutch medical missionary and his wife, who seemed all-powerful there, who befriended the travellers, and took them to visit a famous Buddhist monastery in the neighbourhood, where they were introduced to a living incarnation of Buddha, the head of the monastery. For these things, and varied ensuing adventures, the reader should turn for himself to Captain Wellby's admirable narrative. Enough has been set down to show how picturesque, romantic, lively, and sincere are the whole contents; and at the end of the volume is found a pocket filled with maps, which show that Captain Wellby's work is not merely an entertaining narrative, but has produced valuable scientific and geographical results as well.

BRIEFER MENTION.

University and Other Sermons. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

IT cannot be said of these sermons of the late Dean Vaughan that they "read well." His was an attractive personality, but in the printed page we find little that recalls the magic of his voice. The expression is clear and vigorous, full of earnestness and sympathy for humanity, but if we must judge these sermons in a critical and dispassionate spirit—and such a volume of necessity invites such judgment—we are compelled to admit that it is only in a few isolated passages that they rise above the ordinary level. It was, probably, in the almost commonplace simplicity of his diction that lay the secret of Dean Vaughan's power as a preacher. He never attempted flights of rhetoric, he never spoke above the heads of his hearers; he preached with plain, outspoken directness as a man to his fellow men.

In addition to the series of University Sermons given in this volume there are five sermons preached on special occasions. Of these the most interesting are the sermons on the "Indian Mutiny" preached at Harrow on the Day of the National Humiliation, October 7, 1857, and on the death of the Prince Consort. We think it a pity that the editor has so rigidly divided all the discourses into "firstly," "secondly," "thirdly," &c. The figures give an unattractive air of stiffness and formality to the pages, and they are quite unnecessary. Although this book cannot be said to show the late Dean at his best, we feel sure that many will prize it as the last memorial to a great and good man.

Cycle and Camp. By T. H. Holding. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

THIS is a most annoying book; to us the more annoying as it has compelled us to read it through for the valuable information it contains. The author is an expert in touring by canoe and cycle, and he has devised and thoroughly tested—as you may read in his book—an outfit for board and lodging for four men which can be packed on bicycles and involve an outlay of only £2 a week for the lot. We were much interested in finding out how the cycle camp worked in the wilds of Western Ireland. But the writer insists on regarding himself as an author, and not as a remarkably clever expert in commissariat. He moralises with painful frequency, and he is humorous over and over again. His moralising is simply trite and unnecessary, and may be skipped. But his humour is all pervasive and invariably offensive. Thus he comments on the Roman Catholic chapel at Foxford:

"We went to the Roman Catholic chapel, a nice building enough outside, but within—though a new building—the essence of dreary poverty, stricken, too, with utter want of interest. 'The Spirit and the Bride might say come,' but it would be hard on the Bride to keep her there, and almost too bare for the Spirit to dwell in."

One must be brave indeed to face such humour as this for two hundred pages. We would protest, too, against the carelessness with which the book has been dumped upon our table, crammed from end to end with grammatical slips and typographical errors. Such punctuation as this could be corrected by a publisher's office boy: "Of all things, this bountiful earth has given to man, cheap Gorgonzola, is the nastiest in regard to its smell, at any rate." But possibly the publisher's office boy did not think such a sentence worth correcting. Nor do we think that a proof-reader ought to permit even an expert cyclist to talk of his morning bath as his "ebullitions."

Still, if you are a cyclist or contemplate touring you should read the book. You are forewarned. And you will get some useful information towards the end, where the humour and the moralising ceases and the information and the diagrams begin.

Our Living Generals. By Arthur Temple. (Andrew Melrose.)

Our living generals, according to Mr. Temple, are twelve in number—namely, Viscount Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir George White, Sir Baker Creed Russell, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Sir Francis Grenfell, Sir William Butler, Sir Frederick Carrington, and Sir Herbert Kitchener. Dr. Jameson is therefore not included. The biographies are short and concise, resembling more than anything obituary notices in a provincial paper. Mr. Temple, who quotes Mr. Kipling now and then, ought to know that "Fuzzie-Wuzzies" is not the plural of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." Mr. Temple thinks the Sirdar of the Egyptian forces the most prominent man in the British Army. Each biography has an accompanying portrait.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

LIFE IS LIFE.

BY ZACK.

A collection of short stories and episodes, mostly in dialect, by a new writer. An article on "Zack" will be found on page 689. (W. Blackwood & Sons. 323 pp. 6s.)

THE MAKING OF A SAINT.

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

The author of *Liza of Lambeth* has adventured upon a new field. "These are the memoirs of Beato Giuliano, brother of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, known in his worldly life as Filippo Brandolini," of whom the editor describes himself as the last descendant. The author, in defence of his previous work and of his present volume, delivers himself of such mordant pleasantries as this: "I have a friend who lately wrote a story of the London poor, and his critics were properly disgusted because his characters dropped their aitches and often used bad language. . . ." As to the persons of this drama, "If they sinned, they sinned elegantly, and much may be forgiven to people whose pedigree is above suspicion." (Fisher Unwin. 303 pp. 6s.)

HANNIBAL'S DAUGHTER.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HAGGARD.

Under this title it has been the author's "humble effort to present to the world in romantic guise such a story as may impress itself upon the minds of many who would never seek it for themselves in the classic tomes of history." "Should there appear to be aught of art in the manner in which I have attempted to weave a combination of history and romance," he writes in his epistle dedicatory to the Princess Louise, "may I venture to hope that a true artist like Your Royal Highness, of whose work the nation is justly proud, may not deem the results of my efforts unworthy." The pages which follow are all also polite. (Hutchinson. 412 pp. 6s.)

THE AMBITION OF JUDITH.

BY OLIVE BIRRELL.

Judith was a red-haired girl with whom most men fell in love, and for whom some were ready to commit crimes. "I know you are a beautiful devil," one of them raved, "with eyes that can draw the soul out of a man's mouth, and leave him by the roadside, a dead body, useless for evermore. . . . But I cannot exist without you. Fiend or woman, it is the same." There is a rich aunt in the story, and a hounded will, and a pale artist, and a lady Social Democrat. And the Social Democrat wins. Judith settles in Paris. "Her home is the street; her family, those who are in sickness or distress." (Smith & Elder. 307 pp. 6s.)

BAM WILDFIRE.

BY HELEN MATHERS.

Treats of the fringe of society in a tone to which the bookstall censor can hardly take exception; and as to style, here is the second sentence in the book: "Dennis was going out that night, and in a woman's illogical way, she [Bam] took a keen pride in his good looks, though he himself had offended her, and presently decorated him with a sense of satisfaction for which he was not responsible, but something *sui generis* to herself, was." (Thomas Burleigh. 460 pp.)

WINDYGAP.

BY THEO. DOUGLAS.

Such evangelical trust in the call of Providence as survives among Welsh Dissenters drove Phoebe overseas to become the yoke-fellow of an ancient labourer in the vineyard, and his assistant in the work of the Lord. But when she got there, things turned out more humanly: the ancient labourer had gone to his reward, and his place was occupied by an agreeable bachelor. So Phoebe had her reward in this life. She was quite a pleasant young woman, and her story is told well. (Arrowsmith. 214 (tiny) pp. 1s.)

TRINCOLOX.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A story of half-pay captains, golden-haired widows, a New England girl, the mysterious Trincolox, and others, gathered together in a Heidelberg *pension*. Miss River began the romance by asking of her silent companion at the *table d'hôte*: "Say, are you under doctor's orders not to talk during meals?" and consummated it thus: ". . . I've been making violent love to you ever since Wednesday night, and you won't ask me. Oh, Mr. Trincolox, I am serious; I do love you so passionately, and I do so want to have the nursing of my hand, the one you sacrificed to me. Do marry me." The volume contains, also, three short stories, of which the scenes are laid in Japan and China. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 226 pp. 2s. 6d.)

A CELIBATE'S WIFE.

BY HERBERT FLOWERDEW.

A clerical marriage problem novel. How a girl may fare 'twixt the love of an unctuous ascetic Canon who persuades her to become his wife in the eyes of men, but to preserve the unmarried state in the secrecy of their home, and a healthy minded infidel who, when he means marriage—means it: that is the theme. A strong story in which the comedy of church work and village piety relieves the development of the heroine's fate. (John Lane. 413 pp. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A MARTYR'S BIBLE. BY GEORGE FIRTH.

The title is rather misleading. The Bible handed down in the Heathcote family from the hands of a martyr at the stake is a kind of charm; the handling of it causes tingling and wisdom. But the story proper is concerned with the sudden introduction into a quiet family of a live girl, the kind of woman "that no man can see without boiling madness in the blood." Harold's blood boils on the instant, and he kisses Juliet; his brother John meditates, takes down the Bible, and kisses her too. A decidedly original story with curious developments. (John Lane. 382 pp. 6s.)

WARNED OFF.

BY LORD GRANVILLE GORDON.

A racing novel, as the title suggests. In the "Prologue" the author takes a pessimistic view of modern sport. "In the days of Ross and Osbaldeston and poor Jack Mytton, who set fire to his nightgown to cure the hiccoughs; men 'knew' a horse when they saw one, and could ride a horse when they mounted one. Are the owners of racehorses to-day like these men? . . . Cricket is played by the hour. Oh! that lamentable cry of an effete civilisation, 'Surrey played out time!'" (F. V. White & Co. 292 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD's new novel is an analysis of the alternating love-rapture and agony endured by a man and a girl at the opposite poles of belief and unbelief. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is a rigid Papist, a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, faithful to the memory of twenty generations of ancestors — "a type sprung from the best English blood, disciplined by heroic memories, by the persecution and hardships of the Penal Laws." Laura Fountain, one of the most attractive personalities in Mrs. Ward's gallery of girls, is devoted to the memory and teaching of an Agnostic father. These two are thrown together in the old home of Bannisdale, in the "wild clean country of Westmoreland," where *Helbeck* has lived solitary for many years, selling his possessions one by one for the benefit of his church. Antipathy changes to love—passionate, uncontrollable—over which the spectre of their religious antagonism broods,

gathering substance as the story progresses. The ordeal is too much for these strenuous spirits. It saps and spoils their lives. They are shipwrecked in sight of land. He becomes a Jesuit; she drowns herself. And the reader closes the book—moved and unhappy—on these words:

"What a fate!—that brought them across each other, that has left him nothing but these memories, and led her, step by step, to this last bitter resource—this awful spending of her young life—this blind witness to august things."

The story passes mainly in Westmoreland. Sincerity and a conscientious and loving care of workmanship are stamped upon the pages through which blows the wind and shines the sun of the spacious lake country. Priests glide in and out of the story; peasants in sympathetic, uncouth presentment come and go; now and again an echo of the larger life of Cambridge is heard; and in the early chapters there are passages of gaiety; but, for the most part, the narrative proceeds, through chapters of ever-gathering greyness, to the final tragedy. Minor characters abound, but they are all deftly accessory to Helbeck and Laura—types of those who are constitutionally unable to enjoy life for its own sake; who have an abnormal hearing for the voices of conscience, and who can only obey by suffering.

We could have wished Laura a happier fate—"even in her play she was a personality," says Mrs. Ward, and a personality, charming and inspiriting, she remains to the end. Here is an early picture of her:

"All her childhood through she had the most surpassing gift for happiness. From morning till night she lived in a flutter of delicious nothings. Unless he watched her closely, Stephen Fountain [her father] could not tell for the life of him what she was about all day. But he saw that she was endlessly about something; her little hands and legs never rested; she dug, bathed, dabbled, raced, kissed, ate, slept, in one happy bustle, which never slackened except for the hours when she lay rosy and still in her bed. And even then the pretty mouth was still eagerly open, as though sleep had just breathed upon its chatter for a few charmed moments, and, the joy within, was already breaking from the spell."

Laura always took things hardly. When her father was alive she taught herself German that she might read Heine and Goethe with him;

"and one evening, when she was little more than sixteen, he rushed her through the first part of 'Faust,' so that she lay awake the whole night afterwards in such a passion of emotion that it seemed, for the moment, to change her whole existence."

The warfare in Laura's mind between her growing love for Helbeck the man, and her unrelenting disapproval, her hatred, of Helbeck the Catholic is described with the sympathetic analysis that Mrs. Ward always brings to such subtle combats. The story is a third way through. Dislike is a thing of the past. They already feel the force of mutual attraction, but there has been no confession of love. Still, they have reached the point when he can speak to her freely of his personal affairs. His fortune is spent, his house is dismantled, his personal wants have been reduced to the bare necessities of life, but claims—large claims—still remain. The Romney must go. It is his last possession of any value. The sum which the dealer has offered will help to finish his Catholic orphanage buildings:

"She died a hundred years ago, pretty creature! She has had her turn; so have we—in the pleasure of looking at her."

"But she belongs to you," said the girl, insistently. "She is your own kith and kin."

He hesitated, then said, with a new emphasis that answered her own:

"Perhaps there are two sorts of kindred —."

The girl's cheek flushed.

"And the one you mean may always push out the other? I know, because one of your children told me a story to-day—such a frightful story!—of a saint who would not go to see his dying brother, for obedience's sake. She asked me if I liked it. How could I say I liked it! I told her it was horrible. I wondered how people could tell her such tales."

Her bearing was again all hostility—a young defiance. She was delighted to confess herself. Her crime, untold, had been pressing upon her conscience, hurting her natural frankness.

Helbeck's face changed. He looked at her attentively, the fine dark eye, under the commanding brow, straight and sparkling.

"You said that to the child?"

"Yes."

Her breast fluttered. She trembled, he saw, with an excitement she could hardly express.

He, too, felt a novel excitement—the excitement of a strong will provoked. It was clear to him that she meant to provoke him—that her young personality threw itself wantonly across his own. He spoke with a harsh directness:

"You did wrong, I think—quite wrong. Excuse the word, but you have brought me to close quarters. You sowed the seeds of doubt, of revolt, in a child's mind."

"Perhaps," said Laura, quickly. "What then?"

She wore her half-wild, half-mocking look. Everything soft and touching had disappeared. The eyes shone under the golden mass of hair; the small mouth was close and scornful. Helbeck looked at her in amazement, his own pulse hurrying.

"What then?" he echoed, with a sternness that astonished himself. "Ask your own feeling. What has a child—a little child under orders—to do with doubt or revolt? For her—for us all—doubt is misery."

Laura rose. She forced down her agitation—made herself speak plainly.

"Papa taught me—it was life—and I believe him."

Here is a later extract—after the barriers between them are quite broken down:

"A light noise on the gravel caught his ear."

His heart leapt.

"Laura!"

She stopped—a white wraith in the light mist that filled the garden. He went up to her, overwhelmed with the joy of her coming—accusing himself of a hundred faults.

She was too miserable to resist him. The storm of feeling through which she had passed had exhausted her wholly; and the pining for his step and voice had become an anguish driving her to him.

"I told you to make me afraid!" she said mournfully, as she found herself once more upon his breast—"but you can't! There is something in me that fears nothing—not even the breaking of both our hearts."

In this, as in former books, Mrs. Ward brings to the consideration of spiritual problems a fine gift of characterisation and the mellowed powers of a cultivated mind. Her interest in the psychological development of men and women to whom such problems are the half of life is as perennial as her sympathy with the troubled eyes, the generous impulses, the short joys, and the shorter sorrows of youth. She is interested in things felt and rejected rather than in things seen and done; and although she is not a conscious maker of phrases, there are many passages that permit themselves to be remembered as the reader makes his way through these meditative, leisurely pages:

"He had the passionate scorn for popularity which grows up naturally in those who have no power with the crowd."

"The once solitary master of Bannisdale was becoming better acquainted with that mere pleasantness of a woman's company which is not passion, but its best friend."

"She had been bred in that strong sense of personal dignity which is the modern substitute for the abasements and humiliations of faith."

"In both natures passion was proud and fastidious from its birth; it could live without much caressing."

"The great Catholic tradition beat through her meagre life as the whole Atlantic may run pulsing through a drifting weed."

"So long as pain and death remain, humanity will always be at heart a mystic!"

"To what awful or tender things would it [the spell of Catholic order and discipline] admit her! That ebb and flow of mystical emotion she dimly saw in Helbeck, a life within a life—all that is most intimate and touching in the struggle of the soul, all that strains and pierces the heart; the world to which these belong rose before her, secret, mysterious, 'a city not made with hands,' now drawing, now repelling. Voices came from it to her that penetrated all the passion and immaturity of her nature."

As to religious views, Mrs. Ward holds the scales even. She makes the reader feel for Laura and Helbeck in turn. Her attitude is that of the observer who sees good in all creeds, infallibility in none. If, in the speech of Laura, Helbeck, and the subsidiary characters, there is much that a Jesuit will approve and an Agnostic dislike, there is much also that a Jesuit will dislike and an Agnostic approve. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is an analysis of an extremely difficult and interesting problem by one who has a genius for such inquiries, and who is able to clothe her intellectual abstractions with the bodies of living men and women.

Evelyn Innes. By George Moore.
(Fisher Unwin.)

WE have an immense respect for Mr. George Moore as a novelist. His patience, his laboriousness, his remarkable fidelity to the artistic light that is in him, are rare and invaluable qualities in an age of facile production and ready compromise. Starting, we should say, with almost no initial equipment of genius for fiction, he has worked his way by sheer dogged perseverance to a manner of expression and a point of view which, though they may excite discussion, cannot at least fail to rivet attention and enchain interest. Neither the expression nor the point of view, indeed, is, or is likely to be, in any ultimate sense, personal. To shake off critical pre-occupations and to see absolutely for himself seems to be an impossible thing for Mr. Moore. But if you compare *Esther Waters* or *Evelyn Innes*, whether for style or insight, with some of the author's earlier work, what an advance! The student of human nature has acquired a real knowledge in some at least of the secret things of the heart. The eye of the realist has been trained to discriminate and select, to a perception of the significant, instead of the obvious, in the external shell of life. And the pains devoted to Mr. Moore's style have not been without fruit. Verbal melody he generally misses, grammatical correctness sometimes. "There is no place in Paris," he will tell you, "where you get a better *petite marmite* than the Ambassadeurs." His sentences are frequently stiff and frequently jerky; too short or too overloaded with co-ordination. But—and it is a big but—he has learnt to paint, to visualise, to call up an image not of the outlines merely, but of the atmosphere, of a room, of a garden, of an environment. Here is one of fifty examples:

"The broad walk was full of the colour of spring and its perfume, the thick grass was like a carpet beneath their feet; they had lingered by a pond; and she had watched the little yachts, carrying each a portent of her own success or failure. The Albert Hall curved over the tops of the trees, and sheep strayed through the deep May grass in Arcadian peacefulness; but the most vivid impression was when they had come upon a lawn stretching gently to the water's edge. Owen had feared the day was too cold for sitting out, but at that moment the sun contradicted him with a broad, warm gleam. He had fetched two chairs from a pile stacked under a tree, and sitting on that lawn, swept by the shadow of softly moving trees, they had talked an hour or more. The scene came back to her as she sat looking into the fire. She saw the spring, easily victorious amid the low bushes, capturing the rough branches of the elms one by one, and the distant slopes of the park, grey like a piece of faded tapestry. And as in a tapestry the ducks came through the mist in long, pulsing flight; and, when the day cleared, the pea fowl were seen across the water sunning themselves on the high branches."

Evelyn Innes is an elaborate and minutely analytic study of the musical temperament. The heroine is a singer of opera—Wagnerian opera. She is one of those who, as Plato has it, pipe away their souls in sweet and plaintive melodies. Her spiritual life is confined almost entirely to vague emotions, and to such ideas as find their natural expression in music—ideas very slightly intellectualised, hardly raised above the level of sensations and emotions. She drifts along through life—with Mr. Moore watching and studying her, trying to disentangle and isolate the currents—in and out of a couple of *liaisons*, and, finally, into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. Precisely the same kind of mental processes determine her conversion as those which lead her out of the arms of one lover and into those of another. This is the spirit of it:

"Then, to rid herself of the remembrance, she thought of the joy she had experienced that morning at hearing in the Creed that God's Kingdom shall never pass away. Her soul had kindled like a flame, and she had praised God, crying to herself: 'Thy Kingdom shall last for ever and ever.' It had seemed to her that her soul had acquired kinship over all her faculties, over all her senses; for the time being it had ruled her utterly; and so delicious was its subjection, that she had not dared to move lest she should lose this sweet peace. Her lips had murmured an 'Our Father,' but so slowly that the sanctus bell had rung before she had finished it. Nothing troubled her, and the torrent of delight which had flowed into and gently overflowed her soul had intoxicated and absorbed her until it had seemed to her that there was nothing further for her to desire."

The interest of Mr. Moore's analysis is undeniable, although we own to finding it a trifle too subjective and monotonous. The

young lady's fluctuations carry one rather often over the same ground, and we fancy that a broader touch would have enabled Mr. Moore to produce a really more vivid effect. The background of the book is filled up with musical discussion, skilfully designed to bring into contrast the two sides of music which attach it to the sensual life and the life of devotion respectively. We do not presume to sound the depths of Mr. Moore's musical lore, but we are not surprised that in Dulwich "none remembered that Dowlands was the name of Henry the Eighth's favourite lute-player." Surely his name was Dowland, and himself a contemporary not of Henry, but of Elizabeth!

PREFACE TO THE "MASTER OF BALLANTRAE."

IN our "Notes and News" columns we give some account of the bonus volume of the Edinburgh edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson, which include the hitherto unpublished preface to the *Master of Ballantrae*. This, says Mr. Colvin, in his biographical note, was written in the Pacific in 1889, with reminiscences of the office in Edinburgh of his old friend Mr. Charles Baxter, W.S. When he published the book in that year, he decided to suppress his preface, as being too much in the vein of Jedediah Cleishbotham and Mr. Peter Pattieson; but afterwards he expressed a wish that it should be given with the Edinburgh edition. At that time, however, the MS. had gone astray, and the text has now been recovered from his original draft.

The preface introduces "an old, consistent exile, the editor of the following pages" [*The Master of Ballantrae*], "who has just alighted at the door of his friend, Mr. Johnstone Thomson, W.S.," with whom he was to stay. Later, the two friends, "having pledged the past in a preliminary bumper," drop into a confidential chat.

"I have something quite in your way," said Mr. Thomson. "I wished to do honour to your arrival; because, my dear fellow, it is my own youth that comes back along with you; in a very tattered and withered state, to be sure, but—well!—all that's left of it."

"A great deal better than nothing," said the editor. "But what is this which is quite in my way?"

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Thomson: "Fate has put it in my power to honour your arrival with something really original by way of dessert. A mystery."

"A mystery?" I repeated.

"Yes," said his friend, "a mystery. It may prove to be nothing, and it may prove to be a great deal. But in the meanwhile it is truly mysterious, no eye having looked on it for near a hundred years; it is highly genteel, for it treats of a titled family; and it ought to be melodramatic, for (according to the superscription) it is concerned with death."

"I think I rarely heard a more obscure or a more promising announcement," the other remarked. "But what is it?"

"You remember my predecessor's, old Peter M'Brair's, business?"

"I remember him acutely; he could not look at me without a pang of reprobation, and he could not feel the pang without betraying it. He was to me a man of a great historical interest, but the interest was not returned."

"Ah well, we go beyond him," said Mr. Thomson. "I daresay old Peter knew as little about this as I do. You see, I succeeded to a prodigious accumulation of old law-papers and old tin boxes, some of them of Peter's hoarding, some of his father's, John, first of the dynasty, a great man in his day. Among other collections, were all the papers of the Durrisdeers!"

"The Durrisdeers!" cried I. "My dear fellow, these may be of the greatest interest. One of them was out in the '45; one had some strange passages with the Devil—you will find a note of it in Law's *Memorials*, I think; and there was an unexplained tragedy, I know not what, much later, about a hundred years ago —"

"More than a hundred years ago," said Mr. Thomson. "In 1783."

"How do you know that? I mean some death."

"Yes, the lamentable deaths of my lord Durrisdeer and his brother, the Master of Ballantrae (attained in the troubles)," said Mr. Thomson with something the tone of a man quoting. "Is that it?"

"To say truth," said I, "I have only seen some dim reference to the things in memoirs; and heard some traditions dimmer still, through my uncle (whom I think you knew). My uncle lived when he was a boy in the neighbourhood of St. Bride's; he has

often told me of the avenue closed up and grown over with grass, the great gates never opened, the last lord and his old maid sister who lived in the back parts of the house, a quiet, plain, poor, hum-drum couple it would seem—but pathetic too, as the last of that stirring and brave house—and, to the country folk, faintly terrible from some deformed traditions."

"Yes," said Mr. Thomson. "Henry Graeme Durie, the last lord, died in 1820; his sister, the Honourable Miss Catherine Durie, in '27; so much I know: and by what I have been going over the last few days, they were what you say, decent, quiet people and not rich. To say truth, it was a letter of my lord's that put me on the search for the packet we are going to open this evening. Some papers could not be found; and he wrote to Jack M'Brair suggesting they might be among those sealed up by a Mr. Mackellar. M'Brair answered, that the papers in question were all in Mackellar's own hand, all (as the writer understood) of a purely narrative character; and besides, said he, 'I am bound not to open them before the year 1889.' You may fancy if these words struck me: I instituted a hunt through all the M'Brair repositories; and at last hit upon that packet which (if you have had enough wine) I propose to show you at once."

In the smoking-room, to which my host now led me, was a packet, fastened with many seals and enclosed in a single sheet of strong paper thus endorsed:

"Papers relating to the lives and lamentable deaths of the late Lord Durisdeer, and his elder brother James, commonly called Master of Ballantrae, attainted in the troubles: entrusted into the hands of John M'Brair in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh, W.S.; this 20th day of September Anno Domini 1789; by him to be kept secret until the revolution of one hundred years complete, or until the 20th day of September 1889: the same compiled and written by me,

EPHRAIM MACKELLAR,

For near forty years Land Steward on the estates of His Lordship."

As Mr. Thomson is a married man, I will not say what hour had struck when we laid down the last of the following pages; but I will give a few words of what ensued.

"Here," said Mr. Thomson, "is a novel ready to your hand: all you have to do is to work up the scenery, develop the characters, and improve the style."

"My dear fellow," said I, "they are just the three things that I would rather die than set my hand to. It shall be published as it stands."

"But it's so bald," objected Mr. Thomson.

"I believe there is nothing so noble as baldness," replied I, "and I am sure there is nothing so interesting. I would have all literature bald, and all authors (if you like) but one."

"Well, well," said Mr. Thomson, "we shall see."

SONNETS ON THE SONNET.

THE Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., is an enthusiastic student of the sonnet, and the centre, one gathers, of quite a group of amateur sonneteers. He has compiled a volume of sonnets dealing with the structure and nature of the fourteen-lined *crux* of versification.

The following is Mr. Russell's rendering of "the earliest known Sonnet on the Sonnet," by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza (1503-1575):

"You ask a sonnet, lady, and behold!
The first line and the second are complete.
If equal luck I in the third should meet,
With one verse more the first quatrain is told.
St. James for Spain! the fifth verse is outrolled—
Now for the sixth. 'Twill be a gallant feat
If after all I manage to retreat
Safe with my life from this encounter bold.
Already, rounded well, each quatrain stands.
What say you, lady? Do I bravely speed?
Yet ah! heaven knows the tercets me affright;
And, if this sonnet were but off my hands,
Another I should ne'er attempt indeed.
But now, thank God, my sonnet's finished quite."

An early sonnet on the structure of the sonnet is the following, by Thomas Edwards (1699-1757):

"Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before: a sonnet!
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:
'Tis good, however, to have conquered the first stave."

Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on the hardest part, and laugh.
Thus far, with good success, I think I've scribbled
And of the twice seven lines have got o'er ten.
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet;
Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten:
There's thirteen lines got through, dribblet by dribblet;
'Tis done. Count how you will, I warrant there's fourteen."

The maiden sonnet, what has it not cost its author? The directions for making it are thus set out by the Rev. J. J. Judkin:

"Of fourteen lines your sonnet must consist,
The first and fourth and fifth and eighth of which
Will have their final syllables to hitch
In the same rhyme; yet not with tortuous twist
Of words, but flowing kindly, e'en as kissed
Melt into kisses baby-lips; then rich
In your authorities from Walker, pitch
The intervening lines, like harmonist
Most true, to one key-note. The closing six
In couplets or in triplets freely mix,
Taking chief care, lest critics rate you on it,
The thought in its staid unity to fix.
And then hurra! fling high your tartan bonnet,
For lo! the thing is done—your maiden sonnet."

This is technical enough, but in the following sonnet we reach the depth of this kind of writing:

"Fourteen ten-syllabled iambic lines
Rhymed in two quatrains: *a, b, b, a*.
Such is the classical Petrarchan way,
But usage in our harsher tongue inclines
To wider tolerance, and oft assigns
A third rhyme for the middle couplet here,
Where to its close the octave draweth near
And for a breathing-space the poet pines.
The sestet follows with its two new rhymes,
Alternate thus: *c d, c d, c d*;
More oft these tercets run in triple chimes,
Of which the symbol is twice *c d e*,
Unless the closing tercet should betimes
Reverse this order into *e d c*."

In the second division of his book Mr. Russell places sonnets on the nature of the sonnet, and very properly leads off with Wordsworth's on the "sonnet's scanty plot of ground." Rossetti's "A Moment's Monument" will bear quoting again:

"A sonnet is a moment's monument,
Memorial from the soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As day or night may rule, and let Time see
Its flowering crest imperaled and orient.
A sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul—its converse to what power 'tis due:
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve, or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath
In Charon's palm it pays the toll to death."

And here is the second of three sonnets on the sonnet by the late Mr. John Addington Symonds:

"There is no mood, no heart-throb fugitive,
No spark from man's imperishable mind,
No movement of man's will, that may not find
Form in the sonnet and thenceforward live
A potent elf, by art's imperative
Magic to crystal spheres of song confined—
As in the moonstone's orb pent spirits wind
'Mid dungeon-depths day-beams they take and give.
Spare thou no pains; carve thought's pure diamond
With fourteen facets scattering fire and light.
Uncut, what jewel burns but darkly bright?
And Prospero vainly waves his runic wand
If, spurning art's inexorable law,
In Ariel's prison-sphere he leaves one flaw."

In all Mr. Russell quotes 157 sonnets, of which 124 are English, and the remainder translations from the French, German, Italian, and Spanish. About thirty of the sonnets, classed under the title of "The Sonnet's Latest Votaries," have been expressly written by the editor and his friends for this pleasant volume.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

No. 1364, New Series.

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Office: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE bonus volume to be presented to subscribers to the "Edinburgh Stevenson" — *Miscellanea, Moral Emblems, &c.* — is a strange medley. It is not one book so much as a nest of books, approximating to a Japanese nest of boxes. At the beginning are "The Charity Bazaar," two poems on lighthouses, a memoir on a new method of light for lighthouses, a memoir on the thermal influence of forests, reflections and remarks on human life, a broken essay on the ideal house, and a suppressed — or rather lost — preface to *The Master of Ballantrae* (portions of which will be found in our "Fiction Supplement," and which subsequently will probably be prefixed to the new edition of the romance that Messrs. Cassell & Co. are contemplating). Lastly come facsimiles of the quaint little pamphlets which were issued from the Davos private press. Altogether a very remarkable collection.

In Mr. Pennell's article in the *Studio* on these tiny high-spirited publications, which was the first information concerning them which most persons received, too little attention was paid to "the volume of enchanting poetry" by R. L. S., entitled *Not I, and Other Poems*; and to Mr. Samuel Lloyd Osbourne's tale, *Black Canyon*; or, *Wild Adventures in the Far West*. Mr. Osbourne begins with a fine abruptness. This is Chapter I. in full:

"In this forest we see, in a misty morning, a camp fire! Sitting lazily around it are three men. The oldest is evidently a sailor. The sailor turns to the fellow next to him and says, 'Blast my eyes if I know where we is.' 'I's rather think we're in the venty of the Rocky Mountains,' remarked the young man.

Suddenly the bushes parted. 'WHAT!' they all exclaim, 'not Black Eagle?' Who is Black Eagle? We shall see."

AND this is the poem which gives its title to *Not I*:

"Some like drink
In a pint pot,
Some like to think;
Some not.

Strong Dutch Cheese,
Old Kentucky Rye;
Some like these;
Not I.

Some like Poe,
And others like Scott.
Some like Mrs. Stowe;
Some not.

Some like to laugh,
Some like to cry,
Some like chaff;
Not I."

At the end of the fragment, "The Ideal House," is the recommendation to have in the little room for winter evenings "three shelves full of eternal books that never weary." These are the books: "Shakespeare, Molière, Montaigne, Lamb, Sterne, De Musset's comedies (the one volume open at *Carmosine* and the other at *Fantasio*); the *Arabian Nights*, and kindred stories, in Weber's solemn volumes; Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*, *Monte Cristo* and the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, immortal Boswell (sole among biographers), Chaucer, Herrick, and the *State Trials*." The essayist adds: "The bedrooms [of the Ideal House] are large, airy, with almost no furniture, floors of varnished wood, and at the bed-head, in case of insomnia, one shelf of books of a particular and dippable order, such as *Pepys*, the *Paston Letters*, Burt's *Letters from the Highlands*, or the *Newgate Calendar*. . . ." And here the MS. breaks off.

THE delay that has occurred in the publication of the final volumes of the Edinburgh Stevenson — *St. Ives*, and the bonus volume which we have just described — is due to the elaborate arrangement necessary for the safe inclusion of the little Davos books within covers so much larger than themselves. *St. Ives* is ready and waiting: the others are being prepared as rapidly as possible.

THE statement, which has recently been circulated, that Mr. Grant Richards has converted his publishing business into a limited liability company is inaccurate. Mr. Richards has certainly formed a company, but it has nothing to do with the publishing business associated with his name.

IN our issue of May 28 we published an interview with Mr. Menken, the bookseller, of Bury-street, on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's dealings with him. Mr. Menken then showed our representative a series of nine of his own catalogues on which Mr. Gladstone had written orders for books. These catalogues are valuable documents, showing as they do in a convincing way what Mr. Gladstone's book-buying propensities

were. To Mr. Menken they are, or rather were, cherished mementoes of his transactions with the late statesman. We are pleased to be able to state that these catalogues, together with the wrappers in which they were returned to Mr. Menken by Mr. Gladstone, are now the property of the nation, having been presented to the British Museum by Mr. Menken.

THE circumstances under which the gift was made were these: A paragraph appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* describing the catalogues which Mr. Menken was then exhibiting in his shop-window, and stating that Mr. Menken was refusing offers for their purchase. Mr. Menken soon received a letter from Dr. Garnett expressing the hope that his objection to part with the catalogues might not extend to a public library, and inviting him to offer them for the consideration of the Trustees of the British Museum. Mr. Menken then did a generous thing—he offered Mr. Gladstone's catalogues unconditionally as a gift to the Museum, and the Trustees have since formally accepted them and accorded Mr. Menken their warm thanks.

DR. GARNETT has also been the medium through which another interesting relic has found a resting-place in a great library. The guitar which Shelley presented to Jane Williams, wife of Captain Edward Ellerker Williams, who was afterwards drowned at sea with the poet, is now added to the treasures of the Bodleian Library. The guitar is the instrument referred to in Shelley's beautiful lines inscribed, "To a Lady with a Guitar." The suggestion that the instrument should be placed in the Bodleian came from Dr. Garnett, whose selection of this library in preference to the British Museum will not surprise those who remember Shelley's connexion with Oxford, and the fact that already the Bodleian possesses an invaluable collection of Shelley MSS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Westminster Gazette* who, over the initial "F.," gives some interesting personal reminiscences of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, remarks: "Those who are not 'offended' by the paradoxes of Charles Lamb would have delighted in Burne-Jones's play of humour and imagination. Let me justify my reference to Charles Lamb. Not very long ago I returned to Burne-Jones some books which he had lent me thirty years before, writing to him to the effect that if it was base to keep borrowed books so long, it was heroic to return them after such long possession as might well breed the sense of ownership. In reply he said:

"The return of those books has simply staggered me. It has also pained me, for it seems to raise the standard of morality in these matters, and perhaps to sting the susceptible consciences of book-borrowers. I have many borrowed books on my shelves. I would rather the owners should die than that I should have to think about these things and return them. I have two costly volumes that were lent to me before that little incident of ours, which, you may remember, was in Red Lion-square. I hope the

owner is no more, for I simply will not give them up. And you have made me uneasy, and have helped to turn an amiable rascal into a confirmed villain.—Your affectionate NED."

THE Press Bazaar, to be held at the Hotel Cecil on the 28th and 29th inst., in aid of the funds of the London Hospital, is, of course, to have its own newspaper. This will be called *The Press Bazaar News*. We have received six typewritten sheets about this newspaperette, from which we gather the following facts:

The Press Bazaar News will be the smallest evening paper ever issued, and the most expensive.

It will run from the 28th to the 29th of this month.

It will have on its staff the editor of almost every important paper in England.

But—"it would be premature to give a list of the staff at present, as we are still awaiting replies from many important men."

In fact—"it is hoped that a very exalted personage may be prevailed upon to accept the Chief Editorship."

Already—"we have got the largest, the most brilliant, and the most representative staff in the world."

The *P.B.N.* will have two "tickers" and a linotype machine.

It will employ "the most brilliant and fashionable reporters in London" and will not pay them a sixpence.

From twenty-five to thirty editions will be issued daily.

There will be newsboys to sell the papers "or, if we are lucky, newsgirls."

Most of the papers that have "historic things" are exhibiting.

The Linotype Company is "standing the expense," and every penny received from the sale of copies will go to the charity.

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK has been staying in London. Students of the incongruous will like to know that the author of *Le Trésor des Humbles* dated his letters from the National Liberal Club.

M. JEAN RICHEPIN, author of *Le Chemineau*, from which Mr. Louis Parker adapted "Ragged Robin," lives in a remote quarter of Paris, in a vast and rambling old house, half hidden by towering walls, and surrounded by a romantic waste of garden, thick with trees, and overrun by a tangle of bush and undergrowth. Upon this secluded site, says the *Daily Mail*, in former times an abbey stood, and its isolation and quietude, though now it lies within the city walls, still make it an ideal place of retreat. Though one residence, no fewer than three distinct and separate houses stand in the huge enclosure. In one of them the poet lives; a second is given up to his library, a superb collection of many thousands of volumes of literature of all ages and in every tongue; while the third is reserved for his work. The numberless rooms are quaint in shape and, for the most part, low-pitched and small, for the buildings are of considerable antiquity; and there is scarcely one but challenges immediate attention with some rare specimen of the cabinetmaker's art,

which usually betrays M. Richepin's Southern descent and predilections. Rich Romanesque decorations and Moorish hangings and a thousand relics of mediæval times stamp the romanticism of the author. Something with a story or a legend confronts you at every turn. But nothing in this old-world abode exceeds in interest the dais and the chair of honour in the study, where the guest is sometimes throned; and, with never a disturbing whisper from the madding crowd beyond the garden walls, the brilliant dramatist holds his little court of friends and admirers.

WE take from the *Sketch*, which in its turn took from the *Orlovski Vestrick*, the following Russian appreciation of our national bard:

"THIS NIGHT
WILL BE PRODUCED
AT KREMENCHUG THEATRE
A REAL ENGLISH TRAGEDY,
ENTITLED

HAMLET:

OR, THE PRINCE OF DENMARK;

WRITTEN BY W. SHAKESPEARE,
THE FAVOURITE OF THE LOCAL PUBLIC.

This piece has had an enormous success at Kharkov."

THE "Advertisement" which Mr. Henley has written for M. De Thierry's little work on *Imperialism* is a fine and vigorous stimulus to patriotism and shoulder-to-shoulderism, as it might be called. Mr. Henley shows how only of late years has the consciousness of the glory of being Britons really got into the mind of the people. To Mr. Kipling, "the great living Laureate of Imperialism," is this result largely due. Here is a passage from the "Advertisement":

"We have renewed our old pride in the Flag, our old delight in the thought of a good thing done by a good man of his hands, our old faith in the ambitions and traditions of the race. I doubt, for instance, if, outside politics (and, perhaps, the Stock Exchange), there be a single Englishman who does not rejoice in the triumph of Mr. Rhodes: even as I believe that there is none, inside or out of politics, who does not feel the prouder for his kinship with Sir Herbert Kitchener. And the reason is on the surface. To the national conscience, drugged so long and so long bewildered and bemused, such men as Rhodes and Kitchener are heroic Englishmen. The one has added some hundreds of thousands of square miles to the Empire, and is neck-deep in the work of consolidating that he has got, and of taking more. The other is wiping out the great dishonour that overtook us at Khartoum, at the same time that he is 'reaching down from the north' to Bulawayo, and preparing the way of them that will change a place of skulls into a province of peace. Both are great; and that is much. But both are, after all, but types; and that is more. We know now, Mr. Kipling aiding, that all the world over are thousands of the like temper, the like capacity for government, the like impatience of anarchy; and that all the world over, these—each one according to his vision and his strength—are doing Imperial work at Imperial wages; the chance of a nameless death, the possibility of distinction, the certainty that the effect is worth achieving, and will surely be achieved."

It is part of life's irony that at the time these stirring words appear Mr. Henley is prostrate after another trying operation.

He has, however, turned the corner, and we trust that his recovery may be swift and sure.

AN evidence of Mr. H. G. Wells's versatility lies before us in the shape of a *Text-Book of Zoology*, by H. G. Wells, B.Sc. Lond., F.Z.S., F.C.P., and A. M. Davies, B.Sc. Lond. This work which, we conceive, after a careful examination of its three hundred and odd pages, will not endanger the popularity of *The War of the Worlds*, has been based by Mr. Davies on Mr. Wells's *Text-Book of Biology*.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Do you consider it worth while to make a note of the fact that the Wagnerian 'cuts' which have recently offended extreme Wagnerites are foreshadowed in *Evelyn Innes*? However, in the novel the protest was made by the prima donna herself:

"'You have cut some of the music, I see,' she said, addressing the conductor.

'Only the usual cut,' Miss Innes.

'About twenty pages, I should think?'

The conductor counted them.

'Eighteen.'

'Miss Innes, that cut has been accepted everywhere—Munich, Berlin, Wiesbaden—everywhere except Bayreuth.'

'But . . . my agreement with you is that the operas I sing in are to be performed in their entirety. . . . If people don't care sufficiently for art to dine half-an-hour earlier, they had better stay away.'

Ulick Dean, the musical critic, says of the manager that "the idea of Wagner without cuts always brings on a violent attack of toothache."

THERE is an amusing, and very feminine account of the Women Writers' Dinner in the *Daily News*. The note was struck in the sixth line with this passage: "Mrs. Crawshaw's opals and Mrs. Alec Gardiner's diamonds were admired by all." Then this merry woman writer proceeded:

"Of course everybody wants to know who was there! Mrs. Craigie took the chair, to her right sat Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, to her left Mrs. Andrew Lang. The presence of Mrs. Lang explained the article on woman's usurpation of public dinners, which had interested readers in the evening's *Westminster Gazette*. Others present were Mrs. Dollie Radford, looking as childish as her name; Mrs. M. L. Woods, straight up from Oxford, and a strong contingent from Cambridge, including Miss Clough and Miss E. E. C. Jones. "Rowland Grey," "Iota," and the Girl from the Carpathians were all there; also dear old Mrs. Parr, who pleaded for a veteran's table next year, as the younger generation were so noisy and would smoke cigarettes. The speeches were brief and pointed, and all aimed at the reviewer—evidently the reviewer is believed to be ever of the male sex. Mrs. Simpson gave a few 'memories,' and expressed a pious horror of knickerbockers. Mrs. Steel gave examples of the length, breadth, and height of criticism, and of one form of critique which was an utterly unknown quantity. This last was the review which found fault with her grammar, and especially with the finality of her prepositions, and concluded: 'This is a rule one ought to be ashamed of oneself for not being acquainted with.' That we are our own best critics was a sentiment with which all

agreed. Then 'Annie Swan' had the courage to quote the opinion that she was 'the apostle of the eternal commonplace,' and naively pointed out that, with a good husband, she was bound to picture life as it appeared to her. Miss Bateson, in a really witty speech, marred by a nervous delivery, gave some experiences of the journalist as general adviser. The public would consult her in all their private concerns, and ask whether strawberries should be served before cherries, and whether soup should be eaten with a knife. Of course, a journalist knew everything—knew equally how to conduct a war or arrange a bridal. There were even journalistic giants, who felt themselves equal to a redistribution of the supply of lovers and babies, though Miss Bateson confessed that she herself did not deal in perishable human goods. Then Mary Kingsley, in manly voice, acknowledged her crimes on the English language, and promptly proceeded to perpetrate more—especially in eliding the final g. But her stories were delightful, and to those who were shocked at them she explained that, compared to the language of other 'coasters,' she was only fit for a Sunday-school. And so with laughter and chat the evening drew to a close. Beatrice Harraden went off on her wanderings, spinsters took a final farewell to Annie Holdsworth (who is going to be married), and Miss Friedrichs, Miss Billington, and other journalists gathered up their note-books and made for the newspaper offices."

AMONG distinguished Americans to visit England this summer is Mr. Hopkinson Smith, the author of *Col. Carter, of Cartersville*. Mr. Smith, who is both writer and painter, is contemplating a book on the Thames.

AN English version of that sumptuous Paris guide to the fashions, *La Mode Artistique*, is announced. The first monthly number will appear in July. The beauty of the large coloured fashion-plates, finer than anything now published in this country, should ensure the success of the venture.

THE method of advertising his new magazine which Mr. Alfred Harmsworth is adopting is in keeping with the times. Huge financial speculations are rife, and the talk is of losses and risks. Hence Mr. Harmsworth begins with the remark: "It is being freely said that the loss on each copy of the forthcoming *Harmsworth Magazine* will be 3d." But that, the announcement continues, after an imposing array of figures, may or may not be the truth. Anyway:

"We know that in most expert quarters the magazine will invite the remark, 'How can they do it?' We are aware that all kinds of financial disaster is predicted as to the result. That again, as we have said, is our end of the matter. You pay the 3d., and any bankruptcy proceedings that may ensue are ours, not yours."

This is ingenious and ingenuous.

WE have already noticed *The Eagle and the Serpent*, a journal of egoistic philosophy and sociology, which appears each month with this pronouncement upon the cover:

"The earth is mortgaged to seven speculative scoundrels."

The rest of mankind are necessarily the slaves thereof.

A Race of Altruists is necessarily a Race of Slaves.

A Race of Freemen is necessarily a Race of Egoists."

The June issue contains some press opinions on *The Eagle and the Serpent*. This, from *Teddy Ashton's Journal*, is the one we like best. "We recommend E. & S. to the notice of all whose lives pulsate with a passion for a better order of things. Its egographs stir the blood like a trumpet."

Two more Civil List pensions have been awarded, and well awarded, by Mr. Balfour. One, of £100, has gone to the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, who wrote that fascinating book, *Fifty Years in a Moorland Parish*, and other excellent works beside. A similar amount has gone to Canon Silvan Evans, who has spent the leisure of many years on a Welsh Dictionary.

We invite the attention of literary agents to the remarks of Mr. W. H. Rideing, who instructs Americans on Literary Life in London by means of an article in the *North American Review*. There the literary agent of a familiar type is treated to some hard hitting. Here is a passage:

"His methods, like his manners, are bad, and rather than submit to his extortions and impudence more than one strong house has ceased to consider the work of the authors who are only accessible through him. To a certain extent he might be useful, at least so far as relieving hypersensitive creatures from the irritation almost unavoidable in business transactions, but he is not content with so simple an office. The more MSS. he sells and the higher the price he obtains the larger are his own commissions. The young author in his hands who has made a success at the start is not allowed to choose his own time for further work and to prepare for it, but is urged and tempted to add book to book until he becomes a diffuse and tedious hack, undesired by anybody, undesired even by the literary agent himself. An instance occurs to me. The young author was 'boomed' so persistently, that in order to fulfil his orders he had to rise at four in the morning, and then, sitting down with a typewriter before him and a phonograph at his elbow, he would carry along two stories at once. His first book was an instant success when it appeared a few years ago, but his last MS., delivered 'as per invoice,' in the words of the agent, has been rejected by thirteen different periodicals, and is still in the market. 'As per invoice' expresses the agent's view of literature precisely."

Mr. Rideing specially notes that there are agents and agents, and that the better ones are "entirely unobjectionable." But he seems to have a worse one very clearly in his eye. There are not so very many to select from.

MR. N. H. DOLE's romance of Omarism, to which we referred last week, is not that gentleman's only contribution to the literature that is gathering around the Persian poet's name. He has prepared a privately printed edition of FitzGerald's translation, accompanied on alternate pages by a Latin translation of FitzGerald's version made by Mr. Greene of Oxford, a *tour de force* which was privately issued in 1893.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

AT the age of sixty-five has passed away Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Baronet, resigned A.R.A., wearer of the Order of the Legion of Honour, and honorary D.C.L. of Oxford University. These and other distinctions, which came to him, who never made a move towards them, were won without strife and were borne without ostentation. Once, indeed, he had been a competitor. That was when, as a Birmingham boy, born of the middle class, and sent to King Edward's Grammar School in the city commonly associated with Bright and Chamberlain, but also with Newman, he worked for a scholarship at Exeter College, Oxford, and had the wonderful luck and pluck, despite his artistic temperament, to secure it. William Morris (whose biography has been written by Mr. J. W. Mackail, Sir Edward Burne-Jones's son-in-law) entered the college on the same day; and the two youths, both destined by their families' dreams of respectability and their own innate love of the ideal to be clergymen, talked together about art, and saw an early picture of Rossetti's, just imported into Oxford by Mr. Coombe, of the Clarendon Press. The effect of that picture was enormous. What the chance words "Take and Read" did for St. Augustine, and what the meeting with another phrase did for Newman, the Rossetti canvas did for Burne-Jones in a quite opposite direction. He, too, decided to be a painter. But first he must make acquaintance with Rossetti, a far less formidable affair to manage in those days than it afterwards became. In fact, Rossetti, out of the goodness of his heart, was then giving some of his evenings to teaching at a college for working men in Great Titchfield-street. Thither went Burne-Jones; and, in the case of two such temperaments, a meeting was all that was requisite to make a friendship. Such men have, as part of a birthright which brings many counteracting disabilities, "the gift of intimacy," as George Meredith names it. Rossetti had, besides, something of the gift of divination. The most generous of praisers, he was also one of the most discerning. He had not known his new friend and William Morris many months before he wrote to Bell Scott: "Two young men have recently come to town from Oxford, and are now very intimate friends of mine. Their names are Morris and Jones. They have turned artists, and both are men of real genius. Jones's designs are marvels of finish and imaginative detail, unequalled by anything except, perhaps, Albert Dürer's finest works."

Literature, perhaps, detained both men a moment on their artistic way—the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, of which they were projectors, is the witness. But that was only for a moment, and Burne-Jones did not stop at Oxford long enough to take his degree. He settled in Sloane-terrace, until William Morris followed him from the University; and then the two friends dwelt in rooms together at No. 17, Red Lion-square. Rossetti was the foster-father of Burne-Jones's art—he gave the young man

of his own brushes and paints, and lent him studies to copy—studies which the master rapidly withdrew on the ground that his disciple had already outdone him. An introduction by Rossetti to the Messrs. Powell resulted in Burne-Jones's doing a good deal of designing for stained glass. Pen-and-ink drawings, too, occupied his attention, and one of the finest of these early works was "The Waxen Image," practically an illustration for Rossetti's "Sister Helen." The later fifties passed pleasantly away with these and other tasks—including some Chaucer drawings treated decoratively on a cabinet for Morris (whose thoughts already ran to furniture), a triptych for a church at Brighton (St. Paul's), and some decorative work for the walls of the debating chamber of the Oxford Union. There was a holiday besides—a first visit to Italy. Wonderful to say, Rossetti did not go with him; never was the land which possessed his spirit, and informed his art and his thought, visited by Rossetti, except in imagination.

The year 1860 saw his marriage with Miss Georgina Macdonald, a marriage which gave him as sisters-in-law Lady Poynter and Mrs. Lockwood Kipling. Burne-Jones, needless to say, lived to be very proud of his nephew, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has lately spent much time near his uncle's house at Rottingdean, and has been his companion in many a walk and talk. It was about the time of his marriage that Burne-Jones secured another piece of fortune—the friendship of Mr. Ruskin, that fairy godfather of young artists of talent. Two years later Burne-Jones accompanied Ruskin to Italy; and when, a little later, the young painter produced a series of illustrations of Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Mr. Ruskin bought them and presented them to the Oxford Museum—one little item in the expending of that £157,000 which Mr. Ruskin received from his parents and regarded as if he were a steward rather than an owner. Thirteen years later, Burne-Jones, the most retreating of men, came before the footlights as the defender of Ruskin, when his angry dismissal of the Grosvenor Gallery pictures of Mr. Whistler brought down upon him a libel action for damages—estimated by the jury at one farthing. The evidence given by Burne-Jones on that occasion has been perversely misquoted within the last few weeks; so we think it worth while to repeat it in full as best reported in the daily press of the morning after—a version the present writer, an ear-witness of the proceedings, can verify:

"Mr. Edward Burne-Jones, examined by Mr. Bowen, deposed—I am a painter, and have devoted twenty years of my life to that study. I have painted various works within the last few years which are known to the public. I was the author of the 'Days of Creation' and 'Venus's Mirror,' both of which were exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. I also exhibited 'Deferentia,' 'Fides,' 'St. George,' and 'Sybil.'

In your opinion, what part do finish and completeness bear to the merit of a painting?—I think complete finish ought to be the object of all artists.

Had you an opportunity of seeing the pictures of Mr. Whistler in this court?—I saw them yesterday.

[Shown the 'Nocturne in blue and silver,' belonging to Mrs. Leyland, and representing a scene on the river.]

What is your judgment of that picture as a work of art?—I think it is a work of art—an admirable beginning; but very incomplete. It is a sketch, in short.

It does not show the finish of a complete work of art?—Not in any sense whatever. It is a beautiful sketch; but that is not alone sufficient to make it a good work of art. Form—quite as important as colour—is deficient in the picture.

Are composition and detail also of great importance in a picture?—Yes.

What is your opinion as to the composition of this picture?—I think it has no composition whatever, but it has distinct and high merit, so far as colour goes.

[Shown the 'Nocturne in blue and silver,' representing a night scene at Battersea-bridge.]

What do you say to this picture?—It is similar to the last, only I think the colour is still better. It is, however, bewildering in its form.

And as to composition and detail?—It has none whatever. A day or a day and a half seems a reasonable time within which to paint it.

Does this picture show any finish as a work of art?—No; I should call it a sketch. I do not think Mr. Whistler ever intended it to be a finished work.

Take, lastly, the 'Nocturne in black and gold,' representing fireworks at Cremorne. What is your judgment upon it?—I don't think it has the merit of the other two at all.

Is it in your opinion a finished work of art?—It would be impossible for me to say so. I have never seen any picture of night which has been successful; and this is only one of the thousand failures which artists have made in their efforts at painting night.

Is that picture, in your judgment, worth 200 guineas?—No; I cannot say it is, seeing how much careful work men do for so much less.

Mr. Bowen proposed to ask the witness to look at a picture by Titian, in order to show what finish was.

Mr. Serjeant Parry objected.

Mr. Baron Huddleston.—You will have to prove that it is a Titian.

Mr. Bowen.—I shall be able to do that.

Baron Huddleston.—That can only be by repute. I do not want to raise a laugh, but there is a well-known case of an undoubted Titian being purchased with a view to enabling students and others to find out how to produce his beautiful colours. With that object the picture was rubbed down, and they found a red surface, beneath which they thought was the secret, but on continuing the rubbing down they discovered a full-length portrait of George III. in uniform. (Laughter.)

The picture, a portrait of 'Andre Gatti,' was produced, and the witness, having examined the picture, gave it as his opinion that it was a highly finished picture, exhibiting great artistic skill.

Examination continued.—Mr. Whistler gave great promise at first, but I do not think he has followed it. The difficulties in painting increase daily as the work progresses, and that is the reason why so many of us fail. We are none of us perfect. The danger is this, that if unfinished pictures become common, we shall arrive at a stage of mere manufacture, and the art of the country will be degraded.

A Juror asked—What is the value of the picture produced?

Witness.—It is a mere accident of the sale room.

Mr. Serjeant Parry.—Is it worth £1,000?

Witness.—It would be worth many thousands to me, but it might be sold for £40.

Do you mean to say that it could be bought now for £40?—Yes, it might. I know of a very fine Titian being bought by Lord Elcho for 20 guineas. The picture produced, I believe, belongs to Mr. Ruskin.

You have said Mr. Whistler has an unrivalled sense of atmosphere?—Yes, I certainly think so.

How long have you known him?—For 13 or 14 years.

You have exhibited unfinished pictures yourself?—Yes, I have.

Is it a wicked thing to exhibit unfinished pictures?—I do not think it is very desirable. Mr. Whistler's colour is beautiful, in his moon-light pieces especially.

Mr. Serjeant Parry.—You would not call a man a wilful impostor for exhibiting those pictures?

Mr. Bowen objected to the question, which Mr. Serjeant Parry did not press.

There was nothing of malice about Burne-Jones, then or ever. Even Mr. Whistler, who has taken many revenges, and has boasted about them in a book, could hardly complain. The vengeance he took henceforth on the witness for Ruskin was to call him baldly "Jones." The bearer of that surname needs, doubtless, a further distinction—he is one of a multitude. That was why, by degrees, a hyphen grew up between the Burne and the Jones, in the case of this artist; indeed, the name grew to be Edward Coley Burne Burne-Jones. The Burne was a godsend to an exhibitor who wished to be marked in memory among other Joneses; and when the baronetcy was offered to him, one reason he gave for accepting it was the further distinction of Jones from Jones afforded by the title. One remembers there was another Jones, who had not the same ideas; for he, when the Stuarts were kings, was offered the title of Sir, but he did not take it, preferring to pay a fine rather. But then he had the prefix Inigo; and his monuments are of imperishable stone.

The baronetcy dates from 1894. Years earlier Sir Edward had been elected a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; and though he had never exhibited in the Academy, the good-will of Lord Leighton procured him an associateship in 1885—an honour which made him happy only in the resigning of it a year or two later. The Grosvenor Gallery, first, was his true home; and then the New Gallery. There it was that he made the large public fame which has been his since the seventies. *Punch* might exclaim, "Burn Jones!" and Philistines might smile at the suggested *auto-da-fé* of his works. All the same, the admirers of the artist grew in numbers and in enthusiasm, and such pictures as "The Mirror of Venus," "King Cophetua," "The Days of Creation," "The Golden Stairs," and "The Briar Rose" were the chief attractions of the galleries that held them. For years there was no moderation where his reputation was in question. The extremes of praise and blame were meted out to him; and it is only of late that people agreed to differ about him without mutual scorn, or were allowed to be indifferent. That he was an illuminator in some of his qualities rather than a painter might well be conceded to his critics, and his deficiencies as a draughtsman may be

allowed by those to whom his great decorative qualities, and his fine treatment of drapery, remain as high memories of the art of his time. Fortune, as well as fame, came to him in his later years; for his prices are indicated by the great sums of 1,350 guineas paid for his "Wine of Circe," and of 3,780 guineas for his "Beguiling of Merlin."

"ZACK."

MISS KEATS began to write under her pseudonym of "Zack"—by which we shall henceforward speak of her—for *Blackwood's Magazine* in November, 1896. Her contribution was a story in Cornish dialect, called "Widder Vlint." So were "Rab Vinch's Wife" and "Travelling Joe," published in the early part of 1897. "The Busted Blue Doll," which appeared just a year ago, told an episode of Australian goldfields; so did "The Failure of Flipperty" a few months later. "At the Stroke of the Hour," which was in the April number of "Maga," and "The Storm," published about the same time in the *Outlook*, took her back to Cornish scenes. Messrs. Blackwood have just brought out a volume by "Zack," called *Life is Life*, which contains one story a good deal longer than any yet included in the short list which we have gone through. But, if longer, it could not well be stronger. Force and concentration of feeling are the essential characteristics of this lady's work. What she sees or says, she says and sees with implacable distinctness. Her narration is bare even to baldness; it does not extend so much comment as is contained in a compassionate epithet. Comment there is, no doubt, on the situation here and there, but it is put dramatically, and forms part of the narrative. Yet her vision of life, though grim and unsparing, is not pitiless. It has the insight that irradiates rather than lays bare for dissection; and it irradiates strange places; hidden tendernesses in gnarled and twisted lives, set hard by time or native obduracy. Nothing need be said of her two Australian stories, remarkable as they are, and interesting because they testify indubitably an experience gathered overseas. But take the five Cornish ones. "Widder Vlint" is the tale of an old woman who had borne three drunkards and found herself "disrespectit in the village," yet overflowed with thankfulness and love for her gift of children; "Travelling Joe" is a crippled boy with the soul of a world wanderer inherited from a vagrant father; "At the Stroke of the Hour" tells how an old sexton, dispossessed of his hereditary office, dug his own grave, and on the very brink of it knelt before the altar, evoking the images of all his past life till the youth of the old despairing pensioner lives and breathes before you. "The Storm" is a tale of love passion, and describes the wives of fisher-folk waiting in their cottage on the cliff, while through every sentence you seem to hear the blast straining and shaking at the door. "Zack," you see, has a varied range of sympathy. But the finest thing she has done is "Rab

Vinch's Wife," telling how the wife, not twenty months married, urges her husband to go and give himself up for the killing of a man, since an innocent person—a mere idiot indeed—has been condemned, and the weak should not suffer for the strong.

"'Twid be zame ez if yer wez to let a chile die for 'ee," she said, in a slow dreamy voice, speaking as one who had seen a vision.

He thrust her from him and rose to his feet. "Then I wull gi' mesulf up ta-marrer," he said, "but ez for 'ee," he added with concentrated bitterness, "yer ba no wife o' mine from this hour," and he turned from her and climbed the rickety stairs that led to their bed-room."

In the morning he stole from her side, tended his ferrets, oiled his guns tenderly, tied up his big lurcher, and going out shut the cottage door behind him.

"A rough sob rose in his throat. 'I didn't reckon her wid zlapse like 'thic,' he said, 'but there, women folk be alwiz contrary.'

Up through the great woods he went, for his road to the town lay that way. And in a certain hedge facing west a hare had made its seat. Rab had often tried to catch it, but the hare had been too wary for him, and now, as he passed the accustomed spot, he stopped instinctively and noticed that the snare had been brushed away, but that the animal had escaped. He knelt down and re-set the wire, and as he did so he heard footsteps, and looking up he saw his wife. The blood rushed into his face, but he assumed an air of indifference.

'I reckon I've alwiz zet thickey snare a deal too low,' he said, bending down over his work; 'a hare howlds hiz 'ead wonderful 'igh when ha ba movetting along unconscious. Eh,' he continued, drawing a deep breath, 'but hares ba vantyshenny (handsome) baistesses; skaurs o' times I've nuckeed (stooped down low) behind a bit o' vuz wi' tha moon a-glinting a-tap o' me an cock-leert (dawn) jest on tha creep and ivything that quiet 'ee cud moast a-yehear tha dew a-valling; eh, an' I've 'ad tha gun a-zide o' me, an' cudn't vire cuz they baistesses wez thic vantyshenny.'

But she only saw that an animal caught in such a snare would be hung.

'Come away, Rab,' she cried, 'come away.' He looked down at the snare meditatively.

'Zome o'em,' he said, half to himself, 'makes a to-do, but moast die mortal quiet.'

'O Rab, come away,' she repeated in a voice of agony, 'come away.'

'Ba 'ee afraid I shall ba late for tha hanging,' he cried and sprang to his feet; then, without waiting for her answer, he rushed past her and was hidden from view behind the thick trees.

'Rab!' she called, running after him, 'Rab! Rab! Rab!'

But there came no reply. Later in the day she learned that he had surrendered himself to the police, but permission to see him was refused. So when evening came she crept homewards alone through the great woods, and when she had reached the spot where he had set the snare she heard a strange cry; the hare had been caught in the wire. Covering her ears with her hands she fled away, yet ever and ever the cry followed her."

This mixture of realism based on close observation with the symbol-making imagination is very like the quality that we call genius.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

XIV.—A CONSTABLE.

It was my dog who effected the introduction. I had come home an hour or so after midnight, and my dog protested that he had been horribly bored, and thought the least I could do was to give him a run. I consented at once. On our return, five minutes later, I, the dog, and a constable met at my gate. The dog walked suspiciously round the constable, and the constable, eyeing the dog, remarked that it was a very lucky dog to be without a muzzle. I bade him good-night; but he was inclined for conversation, being, of course, a lonely man. Muzzles, he said, were stupid things, but they had very strict orders about them, and it was a warm night, a close night, in fact, a dry night, and if there *was* a drop—. Well, there was a drop. In a few seconds he was standing by the revolving bookcase in my study with a whisky and soda in one hand and a cigar in the other. He looked genially around him, but with the professional eye for details, and surmised, if it was no offence, that I was a writing gentleman. Ah, yes; there was a lot of writing gentlemen living about here; there was Mr. John Morley just over there, and Mr. Barrie—he often saw Mr. Barrie walking down Gloucester-road, and you wouldn't think, to look at him—well, perhaps, he was a friend of mine; anyhow they did say that Mr. Barrie was all right for several thousand pounds. No. He hadn't read any of Mr. Barrie's books. It had to be one thing or the other. You've either got to do your work proper, and then you hadn't much time for reading in books, or else you read in books and weren't fit to do your work. That's where it was. The missus, now, she did read, having been a pupil teacher at a Board school; she had read one of Mr. Barrie's books, about a clergyman. I suggested *The Little Minister*. Yes, that was it; and ever since then she had wanted to see Mr. Barrie, but had never succeeded. Wonderful lot of books there was written; he looked around at my bookshelves; and newspapers, too; somebody must write them; if he might make so bold, did I write newspapers?

"That," I said, "is the sort of nonsense I write"; and I handed him a slip of paper from my desk. He glanced at it dubiously.

"It isn't published yet," I explained. "It's only a proof."

"Ah," he said, looking at it more carefully. "It's first-rate print, first-rate."

He had finished his whisky, and consented to take a drop more.

"Well, there is a lot of reading here," he said, as he contemplated my shelves, looking at them with the air of a man trying to identify an acquaintance among a gang of strangers. Presently his attention was arrested, and I saw that his eyes were upon the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

"You've read that?" I asked.

"Ah," he said. "My missus got that from the Free Library and made me read it. All about a 'tec," she said.

"And did you like it?"

He pursed his lips, looking at the remnant of liquor in his glass.

"I can't deny but what it was a good book—nice easy print and all that; but the gentleman what wrote it wasn't ever a constable."

"I don't think he was," I said.

"Well, then, they ain't true cases what he tells about. Because if you're going to be a detective, you've got to be a constable first. It wouldn't surprise me if I was taken into the—but that's boasting, and I don't like to boast. What I mean is, it's easy enough to catch a man if you make up the crime yourself, first to last. But it's quite different when you only have the crime to work on, and then have to find the criminal. I don't suppose Mr.—Mr.—let me see."

"Dr. Conan Doyle."

"—Conan Doyle ever thought of that."

"Then I expect you don't get very much time for reading."

"Oh, I like a bit of reading, especially Sunday mornings, if I get a few hours off duty. The *People* gives you a lot of reading. And then there's the *Hue and Cry*; we have to keep an eye on that. But not what you'd call reading—Shakespeare—and—and—Huxley—and them. Well, sir, I'm keeping you up. If you wouldn't mind just giving a look round the gate. Of course, I'm not supposed—in a general way—not to—"

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. HUGUES LE ROUX has written the inevitable complement of his "Sons of France" in the volume just published by Calmann Lévy, *Nos Filles*. Only more astonishing than the persistence with which men write treatises upon women's characters, weaknesses, and fashions is the patience with which women for centuries and centuries always receive these exhortations. Yet what a howl of ridicule and vexation would arise from masculine ranks if any woman were to dare comment in an entire volume devoted to the subject on the weaknesses and absurdities of men. Suppose some middle-aged lady were to write excellent articles telling young men what the girls they aspire to marry expect from them, what they should do and think and learn in order to please their future wives, bitterly condemning their iniquitous taste for clubs and absinthe, their bicycling, betting, and racing, and foretelling that the day would come when these now tolerated habits should prove disastrous to domestic life. This is exactly what M. Le Roux has done. Only the women, with the sublime and inexhaustible patience of their sex, will receive this fresh impertinence as they have received the rest. Poor creatures! They are so used to being badgered and criticised. The fun of the thing is, that they go on sinning in the perversest fashion, and the males have nothing to do but follow them, swearing and gnashing their teeth. Hence refuge in the only resource left these scolding and surprised superior beings—the sermon and

public print. Heaven knows if they abuse it.

Since time immemorial the unmarried woman has been a stumbling-block in French civilisation. Even to-day she is a kind of *déclassée*. There is no place for her anywhere, and the only polite thing to do is to ignore her existence. In the days of Mme. de Maintenon she was denounced from the pulpit as "an object of scandal, an obstacle to public morals." To-day the situation is not greatly improved. The unmarried woman, if not "an object of scandal" in France, is one of general contempt. This is only natural in a land where the courtesan is publicly adulated. In France a woman only exists by the nature of her relations to men. She must be a wife or a mistress, it does not matter which, better if both, to obtain any measure of personal consideration.

So much must be understood to appreciate M. Le Roux's fervent tirade upon marriage. From a Frenchman's point of view he is justified in looking upon old maidenhood, even with independence, as the last form of misery. It is not the loneliness of the state that he deplores, but the lack of consideration from men and the complete social extinction it involves. Would it not be better to begin by seeking to clear the atmosphere of these idiotic prejudices, and boldly asserting that the unmarried woman should be weighed like the unmarried male—by the measure of personal value? Why should an old maid be a greater object of ridicule and contempt than an old bachelor, or either more pitiable than the overtaxed husband and overworked wife? If happiness comes through marriage (alas, how rarely!), marriage is then the best state in life for both sexes. But, if not?

M. Le Roux quotes the *Ladies' Realm* as one of the most important English magazines. And surely it is no less an eccentricity to assert that a dowry of £20,000 (500,000 frs.) is regarded by young Frenchmen as so inadequate as to condemn the owner to old maidenhood. Many of us might make shift to spend a very pleasant old maidenhood with £20,000, and be sure of the conspicuous devotion of our nephews and nieces.

Last autumn Mr. Benjamin Swift did me the honour to break a lance with me in behalf of a lady he supposed me to have injured by regarding Guy de Maupassant as her collaborator. My assertion was never denied, though it could not well have been more public in its utterance. I receive the lady's second book with very warm thanks for that same article, and not a word about my error. *L'Amour est mon Pêché*, by the author of *Amitié Amoureuse*, is a curiously inferior book to that fascinating correspondence. This fact alone helps to support the rumour, which a year ago was what we here call *un secret de Polichinelle*. It will interest readers as a long and careful study of English aristocratic life. The heroine, the daughter of a ruined French Count, goes to England as the companion of the daughter of the Duke of Surrey. The author knows English well, and is at great pains to reproduce in French English idioms and manner of phrasing,

with an inharmonious result in the too faithful transposition of the much abused English adverb. One must read in the precise and remorseless French tongue our "awfully" and "certainly" and "positively" reiterated *ad nauseam* to realise how inelegant our every-day English speech is, even of the best society. The author draws a delightful English old lady and a charming English girl, but for the rest she is hard on English women. She considers them in the main unintelligent, ungracious, and ungraceful, their conversation a string of adverbs, and jealousy and ill-nature their characteristics. When her French heroine embroiders a *sachet* for the Duchess's daughter, and trims it with real lace, she describes it as a "vengeance of woman" to give these mean Englishwomen a lesson, who cannot in the matter of gifts rise above a sixpenny Christmas card. The men are better, though they sometimes fall under the dinner-table. The English daily life and the hunting and balls are all well done. The heroine marries the Duke's younger son, which she certainly would not have done in France, and the distraction of married life is extremely unpleasant and indelicate. A clever book, but not fair.

George Pellissier's *Études de Littérature Contemporaine* (to which I shall refer again) contains some very sprightly and biting portraits, as well as literary studies. He is ingeniously and quite justifiably hard on Bourget, who, he tells us, "see-saws without fatigue between the 'criminal attraction of negation' and the 'splendour of deep faith.'" His favourite reading is *The Imitation* and *Liaisons Dangereuses*. The one inspires him without disgusting him with the other, and his originality lies in the confusion of both. His mysticism is admirably coupled with his sensuality. He condemns adultery with a sympathetic tear. He curses his female sinners through duty, and caresses them in reward. The Catholics, who yearn for his full conversion, are constantly taken in. The end of each book promises conversion; but, alas! the beginning of the next is as far away from sanctity as ever. M. Pellissier admits that he is dangerous by reason of the contagion of the moral diseases he delights to paint; but is still less dangerous than he is pleased to regard himself. He clericalises every virtue, and puts every ideal into a sentence. His latest enthusiasm is Leo XIII., before whose sorrows he sheds copious tears. He calls him a prisoner and a martyr, yet shows him each day outside his prison gates (the Vatican, where most of us would find imprisonment a dear delight) taking his daily exercise, and, as part of his martyrdom, smelling enchantedly the fragrance of a yellow rose. Bourget is regarded in Paris as the prince of snobs: now he is defined as the prince of humbugs.

H. L.

DRAMA.

PÉLLEAS AND MÉLISANDE.

THE production of Maeterlinck's "*Pélléas et Mélisande*" at the Prince of Wales's for a series of nine *matinées* is an event in which the drama has, properly speaking, only a vague interest. For the piece is in no sense a play, contravening as it does at every turn all the recognised conditions of stage work. Maeterlinck may be a poet, a dreamer, a visionary, a what you will, but one thing he undoubtedly is not, namely, a dramatist. His ideas are loose and ill-defined; they float hither and thither indeterminately, and apparently without power to direct their own course. But that he possesses the true imaginative faculty is incontestable, although it still exists in an inchoate and undisciplined state. Some of the scenes in "*Pélléas et Mélisande*" are of a rare and delicate beauty, just as others seem positively ludicrous, through the author's inability to appreciate the grotesqueness of their character. Maeterlinck, in short, has been denied the great gift of humour, and is thus unable at times to distinguish between what is really sublime and what is obviously ridiculous. His passionate love for the mystical is apt, also, to prove misleading on the stage where clear and direct expression is a desideratum not lightly to be esteemed. Stripped of all its garnishing, there is, however, a very distinct story in "*Pélléas et Mélisande*," although the writer appears to take infinite pains to obscure its meaning by the introduction of much irrelevant and unintelligible matter. Possibly it is this very element of vagueness and incomprehensibility which, in the eyes of his admirers, is his truest recommendation.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S enterprise in presenting the piece cannot, however, be too highly applauded, for although it is essentially in the nature of an exotic which could not hope to survive exposure to the bracing atmosphere of an evening bill, it contains much that is both exquisite and interesting. It is, on the other hand, difficult to understand how a writer capable of conceiving and setting forth so touching and powerful a scene as that of the last act could at other moments descend to such profound depths of puerility. The revolting nature of certain episodes, revolting in their savage ferocity as in their sickly sentimentality, is, moreover, not to be denied. In the love passages Maeterlinck is sensuous rather than passionate, voluptuous rather than poetic. But here and there he contrives to touch a true note. In adapting the piece Mr. J. W. Mackail has shown considerable skill, although in one notable instance he has contrived fatally to misconstrue the author's meaning. In point of scenic beauty the production is irreproachable; the strange, bizarre significance of the text is preserved, and not infrequently heightened, by the lovely stage pictures and the charmingly expressive music which M. Gabriel Fauré has specially composed for the occasion. Nor could the performance be improved.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Golaud is a superbly virile impersonation, inevitably indicating him as the coming Othello; Mrs. Patrick Campbell is splendidly pathetic as *Mélisande*, and Mr. Martin Harvey intensely interesting as the love-sick *Pélléas*.

So far as any important novelty is concerned, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's brief season in London is, this year, almost entirely barren. In her repertory figure such familiar plays as "*La Dame aux Camélias*," "*Frou-Frou*," and "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," but of anything really fresh there is a lamentable lack. Of the circumstance the public apparently is sympathetically tolerant; content, seemingly, to see its old favourite again and again in characters which, one might have thought, were by this time worn completely threadbare. This attitude on the part of her admirers is, notwithstanding, perfectly comprehensible if, as would appear, Mme. Bernhardt finds it impossible to present anything more novel or stimulating than "*Lysiane*," her latest new play, performed at the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening. The piece failed to attract in Paris, and there certainly is no reason why it should enjoy more favour in London. The author, M. Romain Coolus, is a well-known French professor, and his work throughout smacks of the library. In style and quality it is purely academic; the writer possesses none of those attributes which distinguish the man of letters from *l'homme du théâtre*. M. Coolus, in short, has neither the inventive faculty nor the dramatic instinct necessary for the production of a really effective play. His characters talk in irreproachable French, but they are obviously merely puppets in the hands of a painstaking manipulator, not living beings governed by the impulses and the emotions common to humanity. The result is that the spectator remains unmoved alike by their sufferings and their joys.

THE story of "*Lysiane*" is practically a variant upon that of "*L'Aventurière*," and half a dozen other plays that might be mentioned. The author's manner of developing his theme is, moreover, curiously prolix and long-winded. One scene, and one alone, affords Mme. Bernhardt anything resembling fitting scope for the display of her acknowledged talents. If intrinsically of no extraordinary value, it possesses at least the merit of showing that time has not had any deteriorating influence upon the powers of the great French actress. No fresh aspect of her genius is revealed, however. Whether she be called on to coo with the softness of the dove or to turn with tigerish ferocity upon her pursuer, Mme. Bernhardt remains the same as of old. This, perhaps, is inevitable in a part closely modelled upon a pattern which has become far too familiar to most of us. When a piece is written solely with the view of exhibiting certain facets of an artist's talent, it would obviously be, however, unfair to complain that the terms of the understanding are strictly observed on both sides. Mme. Bernhardt's own appre-

ciation of "*Lysiane*" may, notwithstanding, be judged by the fact that the piece is to be played twice only during her present engagement. The company she brings with her, with M. Lucien Guitry at its head, is fairly competent, if no more.

UPON the new musical farce, "*A Stranger in New York*," produced at the Duke of York's, there is no temptation to enlarge. It is purely and undisguisedly a variety show, organised on American principles, and neither calls for nor deserves criticism. The author modestly avows, by a note in the programme, that his object is "merely to attempt to supply material for an evening's entertainment," and it is for the public to decide whether he has accomplished his aim or not. Some of the performers engaged in the representation are, however, decidedly clever in their way, but their way is the way of music-hall artists rather than of genuine actors and actresses.

M. W.

THE "ANTIGONE" AT BRADFIELD.

NOTHING could be more favourable than the conditions which prevailed at Bradfield on Monday afternoon, when the first performance of the "*Antigone*" was given. This was fortunate, for in the open-air theatre the audience was entirely at the mercy of the elements, while their comfort would have been almost as much interfered with by great heat as by rain. Fortunately, neither of these disadvantages had to be faced. The day was warm, but not too hot, and though there were moments when the sun shone somewhat fiercely, a cool breeze always tempered its vehemence. The theatre, which has been recently enlarged, looked its best shut in by green trees which contrasted admirably with the dazzling white of the chalk out of which the seats are cut. The stage itself, with the handsome front of the Palace of Thebes, was very effective, while the orchestra, with its pavement of black-and-white surrounding the altar of Dionysius, in which the chorus trod its stately measures, made an admirable foreground to the raised stage. With such a theatre and such a day it was hoped that the representation would prove an artistic triumph.

This hope was not altogether realised. It may be taken for granted that in a performance of this kind fidelity to tradition is of the first importance. The circular theatre, white and gleaming in the summer sunshine, shut off by its trees from a world of railways and modern theatres, demanded a representation of Sophocles that should follow in all essentials that which was given long ago at Athens. It may be that the day of the tragic mask and the tragic buskin is too far removed from us to be recalled even for an afternoon's entertainment before a presumably learned audience, though we ourselves should not be sorry to see the attempt made if the structural and archæological difficulties with regard to the reproduction of ancient masks could be overcome. But in all other respects tradition

should have been respected. Under these circumstances, it was something of a shock to see the parts of Antigone, Ismene, and Eurydice essayed by ladies. This might have been forgiven in a modern play-house in the glare of footlights, with a limelight in the wings, but in a Greek theatre and almost Greek sunshine, the anachronism was glaring. One could not help expecting the wraith of Sophocles to arise and rebuke what would have seemed to him a shocking deviation from established dramatic usage. One can appreciate the difficulty of finding among the boys at Bradfield College an actor competent to undertake the difficult part of Antigone, but it was surely a mistake not to persevere in the attempt. Much could have been forgiven to the schoolboy who failed to give its full significance to the rôle, while success in it would have been a veritable artistic achievement. As it was, there was a modernity, a lack of restraint, and an excess of gesture about the heroine which robbed the play of much of its dignity. The Greek actor, hampered in his movements by the *colthurnus*, and unable, by reason of his mask, to employ facial expression, approached his art from a standpoint which had little in common with the Moderns. He must have relied in the main upon dignity of pose and gesture and perfect declamation of his speeches to produce his effects. There would have been few half-shades in his performance. In order to be impressive he had to be statuesque, whether he stood alone upon the stage or formed as it were one of a group of bas-relief. The stage picture was an illustrated accompaniment to the recitation of the poetry. It can hardly have been acting in our sense. An Antigone, played on these lines, could surely have been found among the Bradfield boys. The limitations in the field of gesture—a feature which might still have been retained though mask and buskin had disappeared—would have made the part easier to a schoolboy, and if he had been possessed of a cultivated voice and some perception of the art of speaking verse a most interesting impersonation might have been secured. Such a conception of the rôle might have been frigid, but it could hardly have been fidgetty, and to fidget is the one unpardonable sin in a Greek tragedy. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the statuesque and ideal character of the representation. This note unhappily was lacking in Mrs. Gray's performance on Monday.

It will perhaps be imagined that in saying this we are condemning the whole performance. The play of "Antigone" with the part of Antigone left out as it were sounds somewhat ominously. The play, however, was saved by the rare excellence of Mr. J. H. Vince's Creon. Nothing could have been better than the way in which he declaimed the magnificent speeches that fall to him. He has a voice of great range and quality and understands to perfection the art of speaking Greek verse. With extreme wisdom the Warden of Bradfield had decided not to tamper with our English pronunciation of Greek at the performance, and as spoken by Mr. Vince no language could sound more musical. His use of gesture was most judicious in its restraint

and his posing—a most important factor in Greek tragedy—was excellent throughout. Of the Bradfield boys who took part in the performance, T. B. Layton as Second Messenger was the most successful. C. G. Ling was a somewhat unconvincing Haemon, and A. M. C. Nicholl played the Sentinel as if he were Launce in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"—why, we are unable to say. Teiresias (G. A. W. Booth) lacked dignity, perhaps because old age had bent him double. He would have been more effective if he had been allowed to stand upright. He would have looked equally old and more venerable if he had done so.

In the costuming of the play there was much to praise, and the stage grouping was really excellent. The performance was greatly appreciated by the audience, if we may judge by the applause with which it was greeted, and, alas! interrupted. Nothing, apparently, will keep an English audience silent and in its seats to the end of a play, and the final choric song was drowned in the clapping of hands and the shuffling of departing footsteps. But it was an interesting occasion, and we are glad to see that the practice of presenting a Greek tragedy at the school every third year is likely to continue.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE RIGHTS OF THE REVIEWER.

(By a Publisher.)

THE old question of the rights of the reviewer has just been discussed before the House of Lords' Committee on Copyright. Mr. Dodley, the secretary of the Copyright Association, was examined upon the clauses of the Bill which deal with the right of adaptation or abridgment, wherein it is provided that "the making of fair and moderate extracts from a book which is the subject of copyright, and the publication thereof for the purpose of a review, shall not be an infringement." The following is the report of the proceedings:

"Lord Knutsford: 'You want to prevent all the plums being put in the newspapers, which in many cases would stop the sale of the book?'—'Precisely. I have known in copyrights in which I have been interested the whole of a tale taken bodily as a review.'

Lord Thring: 'Do you not think on the whole the fact of an author being noticed by a number of reviews is as much to his advantage as it is to his disadvantage that a review should sometimes take too much of his book?'—'That depends a great deal on circumstances. A favourable review may be an advantage. An unfavourable review may annihilate him almost.'

Lord Knutsford: 'But you do not wish to stop unfavourable reviews?'—'Not at all.'

'What you object to is taking either the best or the worst things in your book and putting them all in the newspaper, whether the review is favourable or unfavourable?'—'Just so.'

Lord Welby: 'But it is very difficult to draw words that would cover that, is it not? The reviewer must be left at liberty to illus-

trate his review, and it would be difficult to limit the right.'—'It is difficult.'

Lord Knutsford: 'It might be left to the Court.'

Lord Thring: 'Do you not think it more injurious to the public to frighten reviewers by putting in a clause of this sort than to leave the law as it stands?'—'I think not.'

Now, to the publisher this right of the reviewer raises important issues. Let me illustrate what I mean by referring to an instance of unfair reviewing, from a publisher's point of view, which came before my notice a short time ago. The *Review of Reviews* has done much to popularise good literature; Mr. Stead has often very considerably helped the sale of a book by one of his controversial articles. But his method of reviewing is now and then unjustifiable. Take the case of his article on Zola's *Paris*. I read that article, and I felt that I had read *Paris*. The story is given in the minutest detail; practically all the most striking passages are quoted at great length. I cannot imagine a single person buying the book after he had read the review, for the review was, to all intents and purposes, an abridged edition of the book. Mr. Stead may contend that the extracts were fair and moderate. I do not so much complain of the extracts. What I do protest against is this manner of reviewing a book, especially a novel, by giving a detailed summary of the whole story.

Another instance of very much the same class of reviewing occurs to me. Have the reviewers only made "fair and moderate" extracts from Mr. Russell's *Reminiscences*? I think not. They have, as Lord Knutsford expresses it, taken all the plums. I have read several reviews of the book, and I feel I have read all Mr. Russell's best stories. Why should I wade through a bulky volume when I can find all the most interesting parts of it in my newspaper? The new edition of Thackeray has suffered to some extent in the same way. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie's most charming introductions have been quoted immoderately. I have my edition of Thackeray, and I have read most of the new matter contained in this new edition in the reviews. Why should I buy it?

There are, of course, certain books where long quotations are essential to an adequate review. But these are not usually works of fiction. The arguments of a philosophical or theological treatise must be summed up before they can be criticised. But a reviewer has no right to damage the value of a copyright of a book by too minute a summary of all it contains. Many books—especially religious and philosophical books—have been killed by over-reviewing.

I do not see, however, how any clause in the Copyright Law can limit the rights of reviewers. It is rather a question of common courtesy. Publishers owe a great deal to the critics, and authors owe perhaps even more, though a single review, even in the most influential papers, cannot now make or mar a book as it did in the old days. But if the style of reviewing to which we have referred were to become general, the sale of books would be materially hindered.

WHY NOT A SUMMER PUBLISHING SEASON?

FROM the First of July to the First of October the book publishing business is practically non-existent; at least it "lies low and says nuffin'." From the Twenty-fourth of December to the First of July the book publishing business is quiet, quieter indeed every year. The Spring publishing season is becoming more and more insignificant. Books that sell, and that ought to sell—there is a great difference—are nearly all issued within the three last months of the year.

This arrangement is fraught with the gravest consequences to the publishing and bookselling trade. The output in November and the early part of December is enormous, and it is becoming increasingly impossible for the bookseller, the reader, and the reviewer to keep pace with the quantity of new books. Many good books published during "the season" have not a chance of success. They are swamped in the deluge. The cry of the bookseller throughout the country is: "We dare not stock any more. Our shelves are overcrowded, and we have no room to display anything else." The printers, binders, and publishers get through the enormous accumulation of work with the greatest difficulty. The amounts paid for overtime during the winter season are astonishing. And for nine months in the year business in all these trades is slack. At the present time most of the business in many large publishing houses could be finished by midday. A large staff is kept throughout the year because a large staff is indispensable during the winter.

Is this system of publishing necessary? We think not. "People do not read books in the summer," you say. They do, as anyone at Mudie's Library will tell you. "A book published in the summer has no sale," says the publisher. But the experiment is so seldom tried. We believe that a popular novel would sell as well now as in October. Mr. Heinemann's experience with *The Christian* surely proves that people will read and buy certain books at any season of the year. Mr. Hall Caine's novel was issued in the midst of the holiday season. Its sale was enormous. It was the only new book of any interest, and early publication did not in any way interfere with the circulation at Christmas. And is not *Helbeck of Bannisdale* selling now by thousands?

Surely, considering the bad effects on all concerned of the congestion of new books in the winter, more publishers might make the experiment of issuing popular books during the summer. The "Trade" seems to have accepted the existing state of things—no travellers are sent out between the spring and the winter. Even if a few books are published, they are of very second-rate character, and no effort is made to push the sale. We suppose that the chief reason for the literary activity of the winter months is the fact that books are given largely as presents, not that people read more. But there is nothing to prevent a book issued in August selling at Christmas. For our part,

we believe that a summer publishing season would prove remarkably successful.

And we can promise that the newspapers and literary periodicals will do their utmost to help the publisher who is daring enough to attempt this new system. A good book published in July and August is certain to be reviewed with care, whereas in the winter it is impossible to find room for even the briefest mention of many interesting publications.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

SIR,—It is exceedingly difficult to introduce a new idea into the heads of mankind. Mr. Clodd, in his generous review of my book, *The Making of Religion*, illustrates this familiar fact. He says: "If the great gods [of certain lower barbaric peoples] are fading abstractions . . . it would seem that Mr. Lang makes 'much ado about nothing.'" Now my point was that, as "fading abstractions," these great gods cannot be (as in one current anthropological theory they must be) the very latest results of religious evolution. Being the latest, they ought to be the most potent, and most vividly conceived, and most assiduously worshipped. The very reverse is the fact; they are "fading abstractions," while the religious conceptions which, on the current theory, are oldest—namely, ghosts and ghost-gods—are the most powerful and flourishing. Thus facts precisely contradict the current theory, "the ghost theory," and to say so is not, I hope, to make "much ado about nothing." I trust that this argument is not beyond the powers of the human intelligence to understand. If it is, I am lost; for it is a corner-stone of my simple edifice.—I am, &c.,
A. LANG.

"PAUL KRUGER AND HIS TIMES."

SIR,—I am sorry to be obliged to dispel an illusion, but, nevertheless, perhaps you will allow me to say that, so far from having lived "in close intercourse" with President Kruger and "heard his daily conversation," my personal acquaintance with the President is limited to a single interview of, perhaps, five-and-twenty minutes' duration, in March or April, 1890.—I am, &c.,
F. REGINALD STATHAM.

National Liberal Club:
June 21.

"HAMLET" AND PLATO'S "REPUBLIC."

SIR,—The suggestion that Plato's "Republic" had any influence on "Hamlet" is likely to appear at first sight altogether improbable. Ben Jonson's "small Latin and less Greek" is at once recalled. There is, however, no necessity for maintaining that Shakespeare was sufficiently conversant with Greek to be able to read Plato in the

original; and, with respect to versions of the "Republic" in Latin and Italian which had been published before the year 1600, it is scarcely necessary to speak. In the year just named appeared Le Roy's French translation, edited by F. Morel, and, on the evidence especially of certain scenes in "King Henry V.," it has been reasonably maintained (Brandes) that Shakespeare was able to read, if not to speak, French. This being so, there is no difficulty in supposing that his attention was directed to Le Roy's version, and that he thence gained an acquaintance with the "Republic." This hypothesis may enable us to solve the disputed question concerning Hamlet's age, as well as to explain some other difficult places in the play.

The seventh book of the "Republic" opens with a very remarkable allegory. The world is represented as a subterranean cavern, in which its human inhabitants are prisoners. Their necks and legs are so bound and fettered that they can look only to the rear of the cave. Behind them is the entrance, such light as may come from which does not suffice to dispel the obscurity and gloom. At some distance, also, behind the prisoners, and above them, a fire sheds its light. Between the prisoners and the fire there is a wall; above this pass in succession various objects, whose shadows are cast on the back of the cave, towards which, as was just mentioned, the prisoners' faces are directed. They see the shadows, but not the objects. If, however, one of the prisoners were released suddenly from his fetters, and brought up out of the subterranean prison into the light of the sun, he would be, of necessity, dazzled by the glare, and greatly distressed.

The traces of this allegory in "Hamlet" seem to me unmistakable, even though it be true that Shakespeare did not servilely copy Plato.

In the first scene of the second act, Ophelia describes Hamlet as coming to her, when she was sewing in her chamber,

"his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loos'd out of hell,
To speak of horrors."

That Shakespeare intended in this description to depict the condition of a person who has just come forth from a prison or dungeon is made pretty clear when it is said that Hamlet looked "as if he had been loos'd out of hell." His stockings are "ungarter'd," and hang about the ancle, the fetters having prevented them from being drawn fully up the leg. This I take to be the probable meaning of "down-gyved to his ancle," an expression which at once reminds us of the fetters on the prisoners' legs in Plato's world-cavern. And when, in the sequel, we read of Hamlet's hand being held "o'er his brow," as if to protect his eyes from too dazzling light, we easily recall the prisoner suddenly released from Plato's cave. It is, moreover, very noteworthy that in the next scene (Act ii., sc. 2) the world is described

as a goodly prison, "in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons."

In full agreement with the supposition that Shakespeare had Plato's allegory in view when he described the world as a prison is a closely contiguous passage which has greatly puzzled the commentators: "Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows." Shakespeare apparently conceives of the beggars as objects passing above the partition in the rear of Plato's prisoners, and of the beggars' shadows, cast on the internal wall of the cavern, as the only monarchs and heroes seen by the prisoners. Plato had described (*Rep.* vii. 521) evil consequences which would ensue if the Government of the State were seized by the competitive ambition of beggars or persons destitute of appropriate qualifications. Le Roy's version gives *pauvres et destituez de biens propres*. Shakespeare, it would seem, satirically represents the world's monarchs and heroes as the shadows of such beggars. The otherwise difficult expression, "outstretched heroes," entirely suits the idea of *lengthened shadows*.

We may now come to the difficulty which has been felt about Hamlet's being already thirty years of age (according to the gravedigger's statement in Act v., sc. 1) when intending to resume his studies at Wittenberg. A probable explanation of the difficulty is to be found in the fact that Plato (*Rep.* vii. 539) fixes the age of thirty as the age at which the serious study of dialectic or philosophy is to be commenced; and after five years of study, the students, still spoken of as young, are to enter on important offices of state. And it is worthy of note that, a little before the mention of the "thirty years," we have "young Hamlet," though no doubt this might be otherwise explained.

According to the edition of 1603, which, it can scarcely be doubted, represents—however imperfectly—Shakespeare's earlier conception of his great tragedy, Hamlet, as is well known, would be much younger than thirty. Yorick's skull has lain in the earth "this dozen years" instead of the twenty-three years of the later texts. Hamlet's age (eleven years being deducted) would become nineteen. This discrepancy would be accounted for by the supposition that Shakespeare became acquainted with Le Roy's version of the "Republic" after he had first written "Hamlet." A similar explanation might be applied with respect (1) to the description of Hamlet as a released prisoner, (2) of the world as a prison, and (3) of monarchs and heroes being beggars' shadows. The latter particulars, (2) and (3), appear for the first time in the Folio (1623); (1) is found in the Quarto of 1604. But, whatever may have been the date of Shakespeare's first acquaintance with the "Republic," the influence of that work is, I think, manifest.—I am, &c.,

THOMAS TYLER.

London: June 13.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Open Boat, and Other Stories. By Stephen Crane. *The Westminster Gazette's* critic begins his review with the remark:

"Mr. Stephen Crane has not yet given us the complete novel which some day or other we all expect of him."

While *Literature* remarks:

"When a writer works in this manner, generally, it must be admitted, with less success than Mr. Crane, his friends, as a rule, urge him to sustained efforts of which he is not capable, and lament that he does not write 'a regular novel.' For ourselves, we see no evidence in these sketches that Mr. Crane is equal to any such undertaking."

After this pretty divergence of opinion we may take an agreement. The critics of the *Outlook* and *Literature* are at one in their view of the relation between Mr. Crane's matter and his manner. Says the first critic:

"The author is always more interested in the manner in which a given event comes to pass than in the event itself. He is ever intensely preoccupied with the psychology of circumstance. And it is this preoccupation which both secures to him the mastery of the *conte*, the short story proper, and denies him success in the relation of a story whose interest lies in its appropriate culmination."

And in *Literature* we read:

"They [Mr. Crane's stories] are incidents rather than stories, and are selected not for their dramatic interest, which the author apparently wishes to exclude, but as a vehicle for the telling touches in which he paints aspects of nature, or analyses human emotions. Some of them are so extremely slight that one is tempted to think that almost any other ordinary incident would have served Mr. Crane's purpose equally well. We can assure him that the value of his work, and the reader's pleasure, would be much increased if he chose his subjects as carefully as the words in which he describes them. In 'The Red Badge of Courage' he had an excellent subject, certain aspects of which are repeated in one of these sketches; the rest, however, appeal too exclusively to our appreciation of his power of vivid presentment, and that, in our opinion, is their chief defect."

The *Athenæum* says that the stories in this volume show evident signs

"of that extraordinary ability, amounting to genius, which distinguishes all the prose of Mr. Crane; but we doubt whether they will hit the taste of the public in this country, as they are too sombre and too generally concerned with persons of a somewhat uniform type of white savagery."

"The Life of Judge Jeffreys." By H. B. Irving. (Heinemann.)

"ACCEPTING the writer's conclusions, and finding little fault with the details of his work," the *Spectator* pays Mr. Irving the compliment of an independent testimony, of three columns' length, to the general soundness of his presentation of this extraordinary man. It is pointed out that the sources of information are all hostile.

"They may be ranged under three headings

—the frantic diatribes of the friends, relatives, and partisans of those on whom he had passed sentence in the Western Rebellion; the accounts given of him by those who, as Whigs and Non-conformists, were naturally and necessarily, considering the part he had to play, his strong enemies; and lastly, the more temperate, but not less prejudiced, notices of him by men who had various reasons for presenting him in an unfavourable light."

The cases of what have been called the "judicial murders" of Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney having been weighed, and the conflicting accounts of the "Bloody Assize"—including the trial of Lady Alice Lisle, who was condemned and executed for harbouring rebels—the reviewer sums up as follows:

"It would be absurd to contend that Jeffreys was either a high-minded or a virtuous man. He was an ambitious adventurer, pursuing fortune in what was little better than a social and political cesspool. He must be judged relatively. He must be compared with those who jostled him at the Bar or sat beside him on the Bench, with such sots as Treby, Shaw, and Saunders, with such libertines as Pemberton and Scroggs, with such 'butcher-birds' as Wright, Pollexfen, Howel, and Jenner, with politicians like Sunderland and Shaftesbury, with ecclesiastics like Sprat, Cartwright, and Parker. And he will not lose by the comparison. His career had the merit of consistency. . . . He was not corrupt. . . . He was neither a hypocrite nor untruthful, neither a charlatan nor a sycophant. The stories told about his hardness and brutality rest wholly on the authority of his enemies, and are very difficult to reconcile with what is certainly known."

The *St. James's Gazette*, if less convinced, is no less complimentary.

"Now, when we all thought judgment had long since been given, and sentence finally passed, by mankind, there comes a junior counsel, in the person of Mr. H. B. Irving, holding a brief for the notorious Chief Justice, and 'showing cause' in spirited fashion against all the learned big-wigs from Burnet to Macaulay! And the best of it is that he argues his case remarkably well, and cites undeniable authorities to support it."

Allusion is made to the appeal to Kneller's portrait of Jeffrey's handsome and refined features, and the condition of the law of evidence is compared to that which was exemplified in M. Zola's trial. In fine:

"Mr. Irving is perhaps driven, in defence of his client, to over emphasise what may be said in his favour; but he appears, on the whole, to have applied the critical method not unfairly to Jeffrey's career. It was no doubt unfortunate for the Judge that the most furious of his Tory actions were so quickly followed by Tory collapse, that his reputation immediately became a prey to the fury of Whig writers; but no pleading can make him appear an amiable character, even in the age of Shaftesbury, Sunderland, and Oates, and his name will remain for ever in the catalogue of fireside bogies. But Mr. Irving's vivacious and readable narrative may be safely commended as a painstaking re-examination of the original sources of history, and a spirited attempt, not wholly unsuccessful, to question the conclusions of great, but by no means infallible, writers."

THE *Spectator* treats Mr. Capes' book with extreme respect. "The Lake of Wine." By Bernard Capes. (Heinemann.) A passage descriptive of the Thames "recalls one of the finest of Mr. Henley's *Voluntaries*." "He is not less successful in the framing of his plot, the invention of incident, and the discreet application of the great law of suspense." The book, as a whole,

"might not be unfairly described as a blend of Le Fanu and Stevenson. It has the 'creepiness' of the former, and the grace of style, the literary finesse, of the latter."

The *Athenæum* does not treat Mr. Capes' book with extreme respect. It

"has qualities of a solid order, in more senses than one. It is by no means easy reading, not only on account of its material weight and substance, but also because it is written in that difficult and complicated language which the admirers of Mr. Meredith have adopted in order to show their reverence for the Master. . . . But the process is one which readers of even the genuine Meredithian work sometimes feel irksome. Whether it is wise for a lesser writer to expect people to take this trouble in deciphering an imitation is, to say the least, doubtful."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, June 23.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE EVE OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY: OR, THE THOUGHTS OF A WORM. By Louis H. Victory. Louis H. Victory.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

FATHER AND SON: MEMOIRS OF THOMAS THOMAS AND LLEWELYN THOMAS. Edited by Harriet Thomas. Henry Frowde. 6s.

W. E. GLADSTONE: A SOUVENIR. Reprinted from Chambers's *Encyclopædia*. W. & R. Chambers, Ltd.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

POET'S WALK: AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH POETRY. Chosen and arranged by Mowbray Morris. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

THE "POCKET FALSTAFF" SHAKESPEARE: KING LEAR and THE WINTER'S TALE.

BRUNETIÈRE'S ESSAYS IN FRENCH LITERATURE. A selection translated by D. Nichol Smith. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE WORLD AT AUCTION: A PLAY. By Michael Field. Hacon & Ricketts. 15s.

VERSES. By B. E. Baughan. A. Constable & Co. 5s.

ESSAYS AT EVENTIDE. By Thomas Newbigging. Gay & Bird. 3s. 6d.

WILLOW AND LEATHER. By E. V. Lucas. J. W. Atrowsmith. 1s.

BERTH-DECK BALLADS: "OLD GLORY" AND OTHER POEMS. By William S. Bate. New York.

AN ANALYSIS OF MENDELSSOHN'S ORGAN WORKS: A STUDY OF THEIR STRUCTURAL FEATURES. By Joseph W. G. Hathaway. William Reeves.

SCIENCE.

THE PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE SERIES: THE STUDY OF MAN. By A. C. Haddon. Bliss, Sands & Co. 6s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

EFFING FOREST. By Edward North Buxton, Verderer. Fifth edition, revised. Edward Stanford. 1s.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Tenth edition. A. & C. Black. 1s.

BLACK'S SHILLING GUIDE TO SCOTLAND. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. A. & C. Black. 1s.

COLONEL ALEXANDER GARDNER. Edited by Major Hugh Pearse. With Introduction by Sir Richard Temple. W. Blackwood & Sons. 15s.

A SUMMER ON THE ROCKIES. By Major Sir Rose Lambert Price. Sampson Low & Co.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HISTORIES: ST. JOHN'S. By W. H. Hutton. F. E. Robinson (London). 5s.

COMPENDIUM OF GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL: NORTH AMERICA. Vol. II.: THE UNITED STATES. By Henry Ganmeth. Edward Stanford. 15s.

OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE. By Mrs. Pennell. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS.

W. E. GLADSTONE. By G. Barnett Smith. Ward, Lock & Co. 5s.

WAVERLEY NOVELS, TEMPLE EDITION: THE MONASTERY. By Sir Walter Scott. Vols. XVIII. and XIX. J. M. Dent & Co. 3s.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. A Revised Translation, Notes, and Introduction. By C. Bigg, D.D. Methuen & Co. 2s.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: DEMOSTHENES: MEIDIAS. A Translation. By W. J. Woodhouse, M.A. TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY. By H. G. Wells, B.Sc., and A. M. Davies, B.Sc. W. B. Clive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TABLE-BOOK OF ARITHMETIC, MONEY, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES, &c. Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. 1d.

AN INDEX TO THE EARLY PRINTED BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: FROM THE INVENTION OF PRINTING TO THE YEAR MD., WITH NOTES OF THOSE IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY. By Robert Proctor. Second Section: ITALY. Kegan Paul.

LAO-TZE'S TAO-TEH-KING: CHINESE ENGLISH. With Introduction, Transliteration, and Notes. By Dr. Paul Carus. The Open Court Publishing Co. (Chicago.)

ROWING. By R. P. P. Rowe and C. M. Pitman. With Contributions by C. P. Serocold, F. C. Begg, and S. Le B. Smith. Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d.

LOGIC, DEDUCTIVE AND INDUCTIVE. By Carveth Read, M.A. Grant Richards. 6s.

CYCLING FOR EVERYBODY. By G. Lacy Hillier. Chapman & Hall.

THE LONDON YEAR BOOK. The Grosvenor Press. 1s.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Oxford University Press has nearly finished printing the first part of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, which is being edited by Messrs. B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt for the Egypt Exploration Fund. The volume, which will appear at the end of the present month, contains 158 texts, thirty-one being literary, and including the early fragments of St. Matthew's Gospel, Sappho, Aristoxenus, Sophocles, and of other lost and extant classics. The remainder is a selection of official and private documents dating from the first to the seventh century of our era, many of them of exceptional interest. The texts are accompanied by introductions, notes, and in most cases by translations. There are eight colotype plates illustrating the papyri of principal literary and palaeographical importance.

THE controversy which has agitated Paris over Rodin's "Balzac" statue will add additional interest to the July number of the *Art Journal*, which is to contain an appreciative article on the great French sculptor, by Mr. Charles Quentin, with reproductions of some of his most noted works, including the "Balzac."

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN has issued a series of "Climbers' Guides," about the size of a *Punch* Pocket-book, but in a cover that no weather can destroy. Briefly and clearly Sir W. M. Conway, Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge, and others, explain the routes to be taken by adventurers in the Pennine ranges, the Lepontine Alps, the mountains of Coque and the Tödi.

THE July number of *Science Progress* will contain, among other articles, papers on "Prehistoric Man in the Eastern Mediterranean," by J. L. Myres, Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and "The Fall of the Meteorites in Ancient and Modern Times," by Prof. H. A. Miers, F.R.S.

"THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES," which formed one of the extra numbers of the *Art Journal*, contained illustrations of all his leading pictures, including "The Briar Rose," "The Golden Stairs," "The Mirror of Venus," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Chant d'Amour," "The Wheel of Fortune," and "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid."

THE July number of the *Lady's Realm*, to be published next week, will be a double summer number, with over 190 illustrations, and nearly 200 pages. Among its principal contents will be an illustrated article on Ellis Roberts, the portrait painter, with many reproductions from his paintings published for the first time.

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